



MGM PRODUCTION

A Division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc., 10202 West Washington Blvd., Culver City, California 90230

LEWIS J. RACHMIL
Vice President
Executive Production Manager

August 15, 1979

Mr. Emil Lavigne
11739 Canton
Studio City, California 91604

Dear Emil:

Herewith the script of TOM & JERRY
which we discussed on the phone. I
hope you like it and will have some
creative ideas for us.

After you have read it and if you
are interested, will you please call
Martin Erlichman, the Producer of the
picture at Paramount. His number is
468-5000.

Kindest personal regards.

Sincerely,

Lewis J. Rachmil

LJR/e
Encl.

cc: R. Shepherd
M. Erlichman

screenplay

June, 1979

TOM AND JERRY

by

David Newman

Producer: Martin Erlichman

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

A FEW NOTES ABOUT THIS MOVIE:

To the five or six of us who have spent countless hours defining and discussing the concept of this movie, the screenplay that follows will not seem at all unusual or unexpected. To everybody else in the waking world, however, coming to this thing "cold," a number of suspicions regarding the author's mental stability might suggest themselves. Thus I think it important to explain some of the ground rules to the uninitiated.

What you are about to read does not resemble an ordinary screenplay save for being written (for the most part) in the English language. It is a script for a movie which derives its inspiration from a form of cinema which has traditionally never been scripted before -- for the animated cartoon is always "story-boarded," not written in screenplay format.

And now I hasten to add that this is not an animated cartoon. This Tom and Jerry is to be a live-action movie using real actors. But it is based, in style, concept and character, on the cartoons that delighted us all at a thousand matinees. The events and actions that take place in this movie will magically resemble the kind of things heretofore thought peculiar only to cartoons.

A few examples are needed here. Okay, to begin with most cartoons are enacted by animal characters. In our Tom and Jerry, all the characters are animals, too, except that they will be actors portraying animals. The closest correspondence is, I suppose, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion in The Wizard of Oz, i.e. a man, playing an animal, but the animal really behaving more like a man (singing, dancing, telling jokes, showing emotion) than like a real animal.

Most importantly, our characters will "do" what has formerly been "done" only in animated cartoons, thanks to special effects and optical tricks that will create a cinematic magic of endless possibilities. Examples abound on every page, but let's take a classic instance: we all remember cartoons in which a character falls off a cliff, smashes on the ground, and actually breaks into a hundred tiny pieces (with appropriate sound effects) like a china plate. Then, following a WIPE DISSOLVE, the same character is seen strutting down the street, alive and well again, showing no ill effects of his disaster. We, too, mean to follow the goony logic of cartoons and do that sort of thing in our live-action movie, except that it will not be the animator's pen that creates a one-dimensional illusion, but -- something much more striking -- the entire arsenal of special effects and opticals available to modern filmmaking will make these seemingly impossible things happen right before our eyes.

In addition, our movie will take on all the other trademarks of cartoonery. For example, only in cartoons can a character "look daggers" at somebody only to have those daggers materialize into real ones that pin the victim to the wall. We'll do that kind of thing, too. And that wonderful cartoon

fortuity where somebody wishing to hit somebody suddenly, wonderfully, produces an outsize boxing glove to facilitate the task -- we have plenty of those, as well.

In other words, we are entering a world where when you get an idea a light bulb appears over your head -- and it's a real light bulb.

Puns abound, as they did in the best-remembered cartoons of the 40's and 50's, and they are both visual (an eight-armed octopus doing eight separate tasks) and verbal (just recall how many gags using the word "hare" were put in the titles and talk of Bugs Bunny cartoons, for instance). Many of the puns touch on the primary form of cartoon humor (perhaps not "primary" so much as equal in importance to the slapstick which is also so much a stylistic trademark) and I mean by that the myriad permutations of anthropomorphism -- the imbuing of animals with human characteristics (made even more delicious here by the knowledge that real human beings are playing them). This Tom and Jerry has lots of that sort of classic cartoon material.

And speaking of anthropomorphism, the costuming in our film will follow the cartoon tradition: most four-legged animals stand and walk upright and wear only the top parts of outfits when outfits are necessary, c.f. Donald Duck's sailor middy-blouse and cap. From the waist down, he's all duck.

Our leading characters, however, wear no jackets other than their own fur except in sequences when they are dressing up for one reason or another.

It is important that the look and sound of the movie equally respect the traditions of the cartoon. If you think of all the times you knew instantly, just from hearing the T.V. in an adjoining room, that a cartoon was showing, you will recall that the constant sprightly music was one reason (in most cartoons, the music track never stopped) and the exaggerated, comical sound effects (a kiss sounds like a champagne cork popping, a wind-up to a boxer's punch has the sound of a streamlined train coming through a tunnel, whistle and all) was the other. We should be careful to acknowledge these conventions as much as possible.

An interesting aspect to the music is that MGM, for example, made much use of popular songs in its catalogue to enhance the humor of the cartoons as well as to plug the songs, i. e. a shot of a bear conductor on a railroad train was accompanied by the strains of "The Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe" and so on.

I mentioned WIPES before. Also IRIS IN AND OUT and similar oddball editing transitions are much more common in cartoons than the simple CUT TO or DISSOLVE. In the script that follows, I have only indicated the WIPES and other special segues. You can assume that anything not so indicated is a CUT TO.

Further, I must point out that the screenplay you are about to read contains relatively few camera set-ups and directions. This is particularly odd for me, since I tend, if anything, to put too many of them in my scenarios. But in this case it would truly be a wasted effort, since we have all agreed that the only way to fully realize this movie is to story-board every bit of it. As so many effects and tricks are going to be employed, it would be simply impossible for me to guess at camera set-ups, and might even lead to confusion if I did so. Therefore, except in cases when a specific shot is really important to the scene -- a CLOSE UP or an INSERT or a specific PAN designed to reveal information in a certain order -- I have contented myself with simply describing the activity on screen. To put it simply, using that example of the guy who falls off the cliff and breaks in a hundred pieces, how can I know where the camera would be until we figure out how the effect will look? Right? Right.

Finally, I would remind you that elaborate sight gags are more easily (and quickly) seen than described. But since this is a script, after all, and even more of a blueprint for a movie than scripts usually are, it behooves me to delineate in some detail exactly what happens when somebody slips on a banana peel. The intention is expressed with what I hope is the utmost clarity. The guffaw, however, you'll just have to take on faith.

So assume the story-boarding will solve all the seemingly impossible problems. Then imagine the sound effects, imagine the music, imagine the costumes, imagine the special effects, imagine the make-up. Imagine that you are about to see a magical kind of movie that's not like any other you've ever seen. Because that's what Tom and Jerry is.

David Newman

The familiar logo of the famed MGM lion appears. The lion roars twice, in customary fashion. Suddenly, the "real" lion disappears and his face in the circle is replaced by the actor who will portray Tom the Cat, in full feline make-up. He tries a timorous roar, thinks better of it, finally coughs nervously.

CREDITS BEGIN in the bouncy, aggressive style of cartoon credits, with perky musical accompaniment.

(Note: Ideally, the theme music for the CREDITS will be an arrangement of a simple tune in which one particular note is obviously a wrong note. The reason for this flawed melody will become clearer as the film progresses.)

AS CREDITS END:

IRIS IN

EXT. SKYLINE, BIG CITY - DAY

AERIAL SHOT, LOOKING DIRECTLY DOWNWARD from the roofs of skyscrapers to the busy city street below -- the familiar "canyons of steel" angle.

CAMERA BEGINS SLOW VERTICAL PAN DOWN ONE OF THE SKYSCRAPERS. Midway down, the sign on the building's facade proclaims it as The Ritz Waldorf Hotel.

As PAN BEGINS, the voice of the NARRATOR -- slightly impudent, a bit of a wise-guy at all times -- begins on sound track.

NARRATOR (v.o.)

It was an ordinary day in the city. The weather report said it would rain cats and dogs till the cows came home. But as usual, the weather report was for the birds. It was just a typical dog-day afternoon. For the average citizen, a little fish in a big pond, the most he could do was grab the bull by the horns and try not to chicken out. With a little luck, he might get himself a nest egg. But in the rougher part of town, down at the bottom of the pecking order, you'd hear about the odd duck who'd get sick of living like a pig. Some of them went ape. Completely bats. Some just flew the coop.

PAN BY NOW HAS ALMOST REACHED THE STREET LEVEL AWNING OF THE RITZ WALDORF HOTEL.

NARRATOR (v.o.) (cont'd)

--But uptown at the swanky Ritz Waldorf Hotel nobody led a dog's life --

CAMERA now has PANNED DOWN to the hat of the liveried hotel doorman. WE ARE BEHIND HIM so that PAN CONTINUES to show the high, braided collar and then the elegant, brass-studded doorman's long coat. It is only as CAMERA REACHES the hem of the coat that we SEE protruding from it a long, broad, flat, green, scaly tail. It is unmistakably the tail of an ALLIGATOR.

At this moment, we realize that although we are in a city that looks like a city, it is in a world entirely populated by animals.

NEW ANGLE as the DOORMAN-ALLIGATOR steps toward the curb just as a big limousine pulls up to the entrance.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

That day the market was bullish, which
meant happy times for the horsey set.

The Doorman-Alligator opens the rear door of the limo, and two very rich and elegant-looking HORSES emerge from the back seat, one male, one female. As they grandly enter the hotel, they speak in very upper-class accents:

FEMALE HORSE

Shall we tie on the feed bag, my dear?

MALE HORSE

Oh, I thought we'd hit the hay.

FEMALE HORSE

Always so hot to trot, aren't you?

She enters the revolving door.

MALE HORSE

(muttering)

Nag, nag, nag.....

CAMERA SEES just inside the lobby a shoe-shine stand, where a MONKEY SHOE-SHINE BOY buffs the shining feet of a ROOSTER.

NARRATOR (v.o.)

Of course, not just anybody could get
a room at The Ritz Waldorf. You had
to be really top dog, so to speak --

A FRENCH POODLE dripping with diamonds enters the hotel.

NARRATOR (v.o.) (cont'd)

--Or a real gem....

Two well-dressed OYSTERS are about to enter. Their slightly opened shells reveal gleaming pearls shining within.

DOORMAN-ALLIGATOR
(obsequious)

Ah, Mr. and Mrs. Oyster, how nice to see you again.

As they are about to enter, a PIG pushes in ahead of them. The Doorman quickly shoves him back:

DOORMAN-ALLIGATOR
Pearls before swine, if you please.

NARRATOR (v.o.)
What a hotel, right? Of course, for visiting movie stars, it was the only place to be.

Off-screen the sudden excited voices of a crowd:

VOICES
It's her! She's coming! It's her!!!

DOORMAN-ALLIGATOR
(annoyed, looks in the direction of the voices)
You autograph hounds get away from here!

PAN RIGHT to see a crowd of AUTOGRAPH HOUNDS -- all of them real long-eared hounds of various breeds, waving autograph books, pens, instamatic cameras, wildly excited.

AUTOGRAPH HOUNDS
It's her! It's Raccoon Welch!

DOORMAN-ALLIGATOR
Don't bother Miss Welch!

NEW ANGLE as a limousine pulls up to the awning. The crowd goes wild as an extremely sexy, voluptuous raccoon steps out, her fluffy tail waving, her smile dazzling. This is the famous movie star, RACCOON WELCH.

The flashbulbs flash and the pens are waved in vain as she enters the hotel.

INT. RITZ WALDORF HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Standing behind the check-in desk, busily working at his chores, is the CLERK, an OCTOPUS. His eight arms make him an extremely efficient worker -- with one arm he is putting messages in the boxes, with another he is pushing the register book forward, with another he is dialing the telephone, with another he is adjusting his cravat, with another he is stamping some bills, with another he is putting more messages in boxes on the opposite end of the panel and so on. He looks up and smiles graciously as Raccoon Welch enters.

OCTOPUS-CLERK

Ahh, Miss Welch, so nice to have you back with us.

RACCOON

Thank you, Neil. I'm just exhausted from the flight. I'll go right up to my --

OCTOPUS-CLERK

(hesitantly)

Oh...I...I'm afraid your usual suite isn't available this time. But we've reserved one practically as nice, except it doesn't face the park....

RACCOON

(affronted)

But you know I always stay in the Royal Suite!

OCTOPUS-CLERK

Well, it's because of the Prince.

RACCOON

The who?

OCTOPUS-CLERK

Prince Puffy of Pingo Pongo. The only pure gold Puff-Puff Bird in Pingo Pongo! In all the world!

RACCOON

(impressed)

Prince Puffy? Here? At the Ritz Waldorf?

OCTOPUS-CLERK

First there's a whole round of galas and parties and banquets. And then he'll be crowned the new King of Pingo Pongo, right here in the Ritz Waldorf! Isn't that exciting?

RACCOON

Here? In the hotel?

OCTOPUS-CLERK

Well, we are the top place in town, doncha know.

(confidentially)

Besides, it's a gesture of honor to our country. Frankly, they've borrowed so much money from us, it's the least they could do. And look at the attention they'll get! This is the greatest city in the world! The media! The press! The heads of state from everywhere are coming!

OCTOPUS-CLERK (cont'd)
Whereas, if they held it on their little island....

(disparagingly)
Well, I mean, really -- who even knows where it is? Who wants to know?

RACCOON
(suggestively)
I sure would like to meet this Prince. You don't suppose you could.....?

OCTOPUS-CLERK
I imagine I could arrange an introduction, Miss Welch, but I hardly think you'd find him....
(awkwardly)
...up to your expectations.

RACCOON
Why? He's gold, isn't he? That's good enough for me.

OCTOPUS-CLERK
Yes, but he's only eight years old. Practically just out of the shell, my dear.
(slyly)
Unless you like them a bit wet behind the feathers.

RACCOON
(crestfallen)
Oh. Well. In that case, could someone please take my bags ---

OCTOPUS-CLERK
(rings bell on desk)
Certainly. Bellhop! Bellhop!

HIS POV: Hopping across the lobby, wearing the traditional jacket and cap, is a KANGAROO.

OCTOPUS-CLERK
Take Miss Welch's luggage to Suite 76.
(to her)
And you'll find a complimentary bucket of fresh-washed fish waiting in your room.

RACCOON
Thank you, but I prefer to wash them myself.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO HOTEL, STREET - DAY

The Autograph Hounds are going wild at the approaching caravan of limousines.

HOUNDS

Here comes Prince Puffy! Here he comes!

Police sirens herald the approach of an impressive caravan of vehicles. First come the motorcycle POLICE -- all of them, naturally, PIGS or BULLS.

Then comes a super-long black limo. Running alongside it or hanging on the running board and fenders are the SECRET SERVICE BIRDS of Pingo Pongo -- tough-looking birds who wear dark glasses and ties and jackets. They not only look to the left and right as they scan the crowd for potential trouble, but from time to time they swivel their heads around in a complete 360-degree turn. As they approach:

NARRATOR (v.o.)

Yes, Prince Puffy, the only golden Puff-Puff Bird in Pago Pago ---

(correcting himself)

Pingo Pongo. Affectionately known to his subjects as Prince Puffy the Cute. At only 8 years old, he had never been off his island before. But there's nothing to worry about. The Prince has an uncle who travels with him. An uncle who keeps an eye on him at all times. An uncle who only cares about the welfare of the little Prince.

As the Narrator speaks, the limousine stops at the entrance. The Alligator-Doorman respectfully bows deeply. At that precise moment, the back door is flung open, knocking the Alligator flat on his back.

The one responsible for flinging the door open now steps out of the car and stands on the fallen Alligator. The sight of this character is enough to freeze your blood. He is evil, he is sinister; he is wearing the robes of his office: Regent, Vizier, Second-in-Command. Just as we SEE him, the Narrator says:

NARRATOR (v.o.) (cont'd)

Yes, wouldn't you like to have an uncle like Lord Vultura?

It is indeed LORD VULTURA. He is a vulture, tall and imposing. This is the Basil Rathbone part, or perhaps Vincent Price. One thing for sure -- this is no sweetheart.

Lord Vultura looks around impatiently, standing on the belly of the Alligator he knocked over.

LORD VULTURA

Why is there no one here to open the door?

DOORMAN-ALLIGATOR

(from below)

I beg your pardon, sir.

Lord Vultura looks down, sees who he is standing on, steps off imperiously.

LORD VULTURA

Sire, not sir. I am Lord Vultura, First Regent of Pingo Pongo, Minister to the Throne, Uncle to His Majesty Prince Puffy the Cute.

(turning to the car, looks in)

Your Majesty, you may emerge.

FULL SHOT, LOOKING INTO THE BACK OF THE LIMOUSINE. Seated in the middle of the plush, enormous back seat is the cutest little bird you ever saw. His golden feathers are more like fuzz than feathers. His big eyes seem to take up half his adorable face. Eight years old, his feet don't even touch the floor as he sits in the back. If everybody in the audience says, "Awwwww...." as soon as they see him, we'll know we did it right. This is PRINCE PUFFY.

PRINCE PUFFY

(his voice is cute, too,
with a trace of foreign
accent)

Is okay? I can come out now?

LORD VULTURA

Please.

PRINCE PUFFY

That's good. I feel a little car sick.

LORD VULTURA

Limo sick, Your Majesty. It is beneath your station to be car sick.

As Prince Puffy exits, the Secret Service Birds crowd around him, checking out the crowd, their heads swiveling in complete turns.

PRINCE PUFFY

This is a nice city. Let's go see it.

He starts to walk off. Lord Vultura yanks him back.

LORD VULTURA
(sternly)

Your Highness, we have a very pressing schedule. There's not time to take a walk. First we must meet the Minister of Protocol.

PRINCE PUFFY
(just a kid)

Don't wanna meet the Minister of Pro..Pre... that guy you said. I wanna have fun.

LORD VULTURA
(disdainfully)

Fun? The future King of Pingo Pongo has no time for ---

(pronouncing the word
with distaste)

.. fun.

Reluctantly, the Prince enters with his guards.

KANGAROO-BELLHOPS begin unloading luggage from the limousine trunk.

ZOOM IN QUICKLY on one large valise in the trunk, as Lord Vultura suddenly stops a Bellhop from taking it.

LORD VULTURA

I'll take that one myself, thank you.
(calling to someone)

Kook! Kook!

A moment later, an extraordinary-looking bird pops up beside him. Aide-de-camp, general sidekick and whipping boy to the evil Lord, this is a Cuckoo who really lives up to his name. Definitely a screw loose somewhere, he's happy-go-lucky, rattles on a mile-a-minute, harmless and nuts and not very bright. This is KOOK, the Cuckoo.

KOOK
(always eager to please)

Who? Who? Me? Who, me? Me, who? Somebody call who? Me? Sure sounded like Kook. Anybody here seen Kook? Sure! Me! I seen him! I am him!

(all this is non-stop,
out of control)

He's me! Me's he! Kook. You wanna know the time? I come from a long line of time tellers. Two o'clock! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Eleven o'clock! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuck ---

The long-suffering expression on Lord Vultura tells us he's been through this many times before. The only way to stop it is with force and volume.

LORD VULTURA
(deafeningly loud)

KOOK!!!!

KOOK
Huh? Oh. It's you, boss. Wanna know
the time?

LORD VULTURA
(lifting the valise from
the trunk)
Help me with this, idiot.

KOOK
With which idiot?

LORD VULTURA
You, idiot! Help me lift this. Grab
that end. Gently.

Kook lifts one end, but drops it in his haste. As it hits
the ground, a protesting voice is heard from inside the valise:

VOICE IN VALISE
Ow!

LORD VULTURA
(sotto voce to whoever
is in there)
Shut up.

Awkwardly hefting the valise, with Kooks' aid, he starts toward
the entrance. Just before he goes in, however, an unearthly,
horrible blood-curdling laugh springs involuntarily from him.
Its effect is so chilling that three nearby, terror-stricken
Autograph Hounds are instantly encased in a block of ice.

LORD VULTURA
(casually, like a man
who has just burped
in public)
'Scuse me.

He enters, followed by the rest of his entourage. (Note: It
should be clear by now that all members of the Pingo Pongo
republic are birds of one kind or another. In fact, except
where absolutely necessary, care should be taken to make sure
none of the other characters in the film are feathered
creatures.)

NARRATOR (v.o.)
Sure, it's a soft life if you're a big
shot. Fancy cars, Royal Suites. But
not everybody lives like a Prince, y'know.
For some of 'em, it can be dog-eat-dog.
Even for a mouse.

Exactly at that moment, a frantic cry rings out from down the street:

JERRY (o.s.)

GANGWAY!!!!

A moment later the source of that outcry comes into view, dashing down the block at a good 50 mph, his churning feet making clouds of dust. We get our first look at our hero in his most characteristic situation: running for his life. Agile and athletic, clever and resourceful, kind-hearted and generous, mischievous and impish, his big eyes and out-size ears are as familiar to us as the rich honey-brown color of his fur. It's JERRY MOUSE.

NARRATOR (v.o.)

Here comes Jerry Mouse. He'd like to stop and chat with you, but at the moment, he's a little bit pressed for time.

Indeed. Running right at his heels, their jaws snapping at his behind like castanets, are TWO ALLEY CATS, both mean-looking, ornery customers. One has a black eye patch. The other sports some scars.

The Alligator-Doorman steps out onto the sidewalk just as Jerry comes zooming toward him. The charging Mouse crashes into him full force, knocking him flat on his face. Jerry keeps running.

Before the Alligator can get to his feet the first of the pursuing Cats comes running up behind Jerry. In his mad dash, he steps on the Alligator's outstretched tail, causing the reptile to flip straight upward and smash the Cat in the face. It is exactly the kind of thing that happens when you step on a rake and get the pole in your kisser.

Further down the street, the chase is on. Jerry is gaining on the second cat, as he runs into the gutter. Just ahead is a construction site: an open manhole surrounded by a taut rope barrier. A sign hanging from the rope reads: "DIG WE MUST. DANGER -- MOLES WORKING."

Two MOLES wearing hard-hats and carrying pick-axes, are climbing down into the open manhole.

Jerry ducks under the first rope barrier and neatly leaps over the open manhole in his path. He lands, however, on a closed manhole a few feet ahead. The force of the impact causes the manhole cover to flip up in the air.

It comes down with a tremendous clang right on the noggin of the second cat who is running in pursuit. The effect is

remarkable -- it absolutely flattens the cat into a pancake shape. The pancaked-cat vibrates on the ground, just like a manhole cover or, for example, a spun half-dollar.

NARRATOR (v.o.)
Right in the puss, puss.

Jerry, running hard, turns to see what happened. He doesn't see the taut rope stretched right in front of him. He hits the rope and the effect is like a sling-shot or a bow being pulled taut: his momentum pulls the rope a few feet forward and then it springs him backwards with a loud TWANG!

What stops his flight is the stomach of the first cat, now back in the chase. Jerry connects with him like a cannon-ball. It knocks the air out of the cat -- really knocks the air out of him. With a sound like air escaping from a balloon, the cat literally deflates in front of our eyes. Just the loose cat skin, "the air gone out of it," on the street.

DEFLATED CAT
Somebody get the license number of
the mouse that hit me.

Jerry is up and running as the second cat resumes the chase. In a WIDE SHOT, they reach the crossroads of the city streets. Suddenly:

INSERT: The traffic light turns red.

Obeying the law that transcends all selfish considerations, Jerry obediently stops running and the cat, just behind him, does the same. As they wait patiently for the light to change:

INSERT: The caution light goes off and the green light turns on for cross traffic.

Immediately, coming from the crossstreets on the left and on the right, other CATS chasing other MICE come running down that road. Then:

INSERT: The light changes.

And those cats and mice stop, while Jerry and his pursuer resume their chase. We realize that we are in a city where this sort of thing is so common that it's regulated.

ON JERRY as he ducks into a narrow alley. FOLLOW HIM in as, halfway down, he opens a side door to a building.

It's too late for the cat to stop running. Although he tries to jam on the brakes by skidding to a stop with both feet together (with great screeching sound) there's no way he can

avoid slamming full force into the suddenly opened door.
WHAM! Before our eyes, he breaks into a hundred tiny pieces,
like a china plate.

INT. DOORWAY - DAY

Jerry peers out as he sees the second cat race by, not having spotted him. Now he's safe.

INT. MOUSE BAR

Jerry collapses in fatigue and exhaustion against the doorway. PULL BACK TO REVEAL where we are: a dingy, dark little bar room. All the customers are MICE, seated at tables, nursing drinks, some standing at the bar. It's a poor gin-mill kind of place and its clientele is definitely on the shabby side.

Behind the bar, an OCTOPUS bartender uses eight arms to make eight different cocktails and/or draw beers and/or mop up the bar and/or ring the cash register, etc.

Panting for breath, mopping his brow, the harrassed Jerry flops down hard on a chair at an empty table.

ON THE BAR -- A mouse turns from his conversation and sees Jerry. This affable, gray-colored rodent is his friend PETE. He comes over to Jerry's table.

PETE

Hey, Jerry! What'sa matter?

Jerry is still trying to catch his breath.

PETE

Cat got your tongue?

JERRY

Almost. He almost did. I need a drink.

PETE

(calling to bartender)

Hey, Gus! A Velveeta Sunrise for my pal here.

(to Jerry)

Which cats was it? That gang from 14th Street?

JERRY

No, two punks who live behind the Ritz Waldorf. I'm telling you, Pete, a mouse can't go out on the streets anymore!

JERRY (cont'd)

This used to be a decent place to live.

(very upset)

But now, it's a jungle! Animals, that's what those cats are! Animals!

PETE

So? Fight back. What are you, a mouse or a man?

JERRY

I'm tired of fighting back. There must be more to life than this.

The bartender sets down the Velveeta Sunrise -- a yellow, cheesy-looking cocktail -- and Jerry takes a long drink.

JERRY

(grim)

I've got to get out of this rat race.

PETE

Aw, it ain't that bad.

JERRY

It's not, huh? Look at them.

He points to the doorway.

ON THE DOORWAY -- Entering the bar are THREE BLIND MICE. They rattle tin cups, wear dark glasses, walk with their paws on each other's shoulders.

JERRY

(with a shudder)

Got their tails cut off with a carving knife! I'm telling you, Pete, I can't hack it in this town anymore. Look at my cousin Mickey. He moved to L.A. and now he's --

PETE

(he's heard it before)

Yeah, yeah, I know, now he's a big movie star. I'm sick of hearin' about your cousin Mickey. If he's such a big shot, how come he don't give you a job in his pictures?

JERRY

He would if he could. He's got all these others on his payroll, this duck, his nephews, this dog, these other nephews ---

PETE

Yeah, yeah, I heard it before, pal.

JERRY

(resolutely)

Well, you never heard this before. I'm getting out of this hole. Tomorrow.

PETE

Where would you go?

JERRY

(he's obviously thought about this)

The suburbs.

(seeing his dream in his mind's eye)

The peaceful, quiet suburbs. Clean air. Green grass ---

PETE

(cynical)

You? A city mouse like you? You're gonna go for the front lawn and the backyard and the white picket fence?

JERRY

(smiling at last)

Heaven. It sounds like heaven.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

FULL SHOT ON Jerry. He is seated in a chair, in an absolutely remarkable condition. His eyeballs are bulging out of their sockets about two inches forward, and instead of his normal pupils there are two bright red Valentine hearts. In addition, his heart is pounding so hard that we can see the actual shape of it leaping from his chest, straining against the fur. In short, Jerry is smitten with love in the best cartoon tradition.

A female voice is saying, off-screen:

MAGGIE (o.s.)

Mr. Mouse? Did you understand my question?Mr. Mouse?

The transfixed Jerry snaps back to reality, though still obviously moony with love.

JERRY

Oh...Yes...I...uh...I...I mean...

REVERSE -- and FULL ON the object of his attentions. She is a lovely girl mouse with long eyelashes and a cute shape. Very sensible and very sweet, this is the real estate agent, MAGGIE MOUSE.

We are in a Realty Office, as can be deduced from the large photographs of homes, including nests and doghouses, framed on the wall.

MAGGIE

I said we're prepared to show you some rental properties if you'll just answer a few questions to help us narrow down the choices. Okay?

JERRY

Oh, sure....um....

MAGGIE

(also attracted to him, but more subtle about it; she's doing a little "fishing" with these questions)

Now, is this a one-family apartment you're looking for?

JERRY

Oh, no. Just a bachelor flat.

Maggie barely surpresses a pleased little smile.

MAGGIE

So you're not married.

JERRY

(anxious to make good impression)

Don't worry, I'm no playmouse. I'm a very quiet fellow. No wild parties, no loud music. I don't even listen to Olivia Newton-Swan or Elephant Humperdink.

MAGGIE

Fine. Well, there are a number of neighborhoods where ---

ON JERRY -- something making him feel very ill-at-ease.

JERRY

Miss Mouse?

MAGGIE

Call me Maggie.

JERRY

Well...Maggie...I don't want to sound like I'm prejudiced or anything, but ---
(squirming, as all his liberal anguish and guilt comes out)

Well...y'see...what I'm primarily interested in is a neighborhood where there aren't any...
um....well.....

(forcing himself to say it)

...cats.

MAGGIE

Perfectly understandable.

JERRY

(quickly)

Not that I have anything against cats, you understand. It's not that I think mice are better or superior or anything, it's just that....it's just that I feel that cats.... and mice, mice, too, see...should live with their own kind.....

(consumed by guilt)

I know that sounds...unenlightened...but if everybody stayed in their own part of town, cats with cats, mice with mice.....
Oh, gosh, this sounds terrible, but the reason I'm moving out of the city is ---

MAGGIE

(compassionately)

Mr. Mouse ---

JERRY

Jerry.

MAGGIE

Jerry, there's no need to apologize. Your attitude is perfectly reasonable. It's not like your some Black Mouselim or something.

JERRY

(relieved)

Oh, good.

MAGGIE

I think I have exactly what you're looking for. A lovely neighborhood -- Elm Street.

JERRY

It's nice there?

MAGGIE

Very.

(shyly)

I...I live just around the corner from this place myself, so I can vouch for ---

JERRY

You do? Around the corner?

MAGGIE

Uh-huh. And to set your mind at ease, there are no cats. Not a cat for blocks.

JERRY

Swell.

MAGGIE

But what makes this rental so very attractive are the people who live in the house. A very quiet couple. No children. They never have parties. They both work, so they're often out. And -- I think you'll like this --- they're vegetarians.

JERRY

(doesn't get it)

How's that?

MAGGIE

They don't eat meat. But of course they must have their protein requirements. So, the kitchen is always very well stocked ----

(drawing it out)

---with all kinds of.....cheese!

JERRY

(ecstatic)

No!

MAGGIE

Yes!

JERRY

Cheese? All kinds?

MAGGIE

Right!

JERRY

Cats? No kinds?

MAGGIE

Correct!

JERRY

You? Around the corner?

She blushes a rosy pink down to her neck.

JERRY

(a happy mouse)

I don't care what the rent is. I'll take it!

MAGGIE

The neighbors next door have a wading pool you might be able to use sometimes. Do you swim?

JERRY

(flirtatiously)

Not too well. But if I get in trouble, you can always give me mouse-to-mouse resuscitation.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

LONG SHOT -- A white frame house, two stories, with a nice green lawn and a big backyard. From this distance, WE CAN JUST BARELY SEE a little blue round doorway at the base of the side of the house.

MEDIUM SHOT -- That little blue door, rounded like a mouse hole, is SEEN MORE CLEARLY NOW.

CLOSE SHOT -- ON THE LITTLE BLUE DOOR, with just the edges of the white frame side of the big house showing around the top and sides. The effect of these SHOTS is to indicate a "mouse-sized" special entrance, door and all, to a "people-sized" house. Having now done so, we will no longer concern ourselves with problems of people-to-animal scale and treat all interiors and exteriors as we did before, as being in the normal proportion to the characters.

Jerry and Maggie walk INTO FRAME. She hands him the key. He proudly opens the door. They enter.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

A charming mouse house. The front room is a living room with a nice overstuffed chair, a T.V. set, a dining table, some pictures on the walls. FOLLOW THEM as they walk through the room. Jerry looks quite pleased.

Maggie opens one door, showing the bathroom. She then opens another door, giving us a quick glimpse of the bedroom.

QUICK CLOSE-UPS: Both of them now blush rosy pink, their faces suffused with that color from the neck up.

MAGGIE

I've saved the best for last. Would you like to see the view?

JERRY

The view?

She leads him to the living room wall that faces the interior of the big house. A doorway, full-sized for Jerry, has been cut into it, the top rounded. It is the famous mouse hole we have seen in all the Tom and Jerry cartoons.

Maggie gestures for Jerry to look out at "the view." He does so.

JERRY'S POV: INT. LIVING ROOM AND KITCHEN, MAIN HOUSE

ANGLE LOOKING UP, as we SEE the big living room, with normal furniture, T.V. set, fireplace, etc. And beyond that, we SEE part of the kitchen. The part we SEE is the refrigerator and sideboard. On each of them is a large wooden platter with a glass dome, and each platter is filled with a great variety of cheeses of every kind. ZOOM INTO THESE CHEESES as we hear Jerry's voice off-screen:

JERRY (o.s.)

Wow! Wow!

MAGGIE (o.s.)

I thought you'd say something like that.

ON THEM

JERRY

(almost salivating)

Gorgonzola! Camembert! Ripe Brie! Do you know I can't even remember the last time I tasted a ripe Brie?

MAGGIE

(pleased)

So you like it.

JERRY

Like it? I love it!

(goes to T.V. set)

Does this work?

MAGGIE

Try it and see.

Jerry switches on the television. MOVE INTO T.V. SCREEN AS WE SEE A TELEVISION MOUSE NEWS COMMENTATOR seated at a desk in a studio. As broadcast begins, T.V. SCREEN TAKES OVER OUR SCREEN AND WE ARE "IN" IT.

INT. T.V. NEWS ROOM

NEWS MOUSE

And now, for the latest on Prince Puffy's visit to America, we switch you live to the Ritz Waldorf Hotel and our correspondent, Barbara Walrus.

INT. RITZ WALDORF SUITE - DAY

A blond walrus with a bubbly manner and a slight speech defect holds a hand mike and talks to the viewers. This is famed ABC correspondent BARBARA WALRUS.

BARBARA

Hi! Barbara Walrus here, and I'm here talking to the Prince's uncle, Lord Vultura, the man who heads the interim government of Pogo Pogo.

PULL BACK AND WIDEN TO REVEAL Lord Vultura standing next to her, trying, unconvincingly, to look pleasant for the television cameras.

LORD VULTURA

(correcting her mistake)

Pingo Pongo.

BARBARA

Lord Vultura, how will you feel about stepping down once the Prince is crowned King?

LORD VULTURA

(long-suffering)

Immensely relieved, Miss Walrus.

BARBARA

You won't miss holding the reins of power in your claws? Not just a teeny-tiny bit?

LORD VULTURA

(perish the thought)

They told me you were a clever interviewer, Miss Walrus, but you won't ruffle my feathers that easily. I assure you that I long for the day when Pingo Pongo is ruled by its one true King. You know, of course, that ever since his poor parents passed away, it has been my responsibility to look out for

LORD VULTURA (cont'd)
his well-being until the day he reached
the age to be crowned. Imagine how great a
responsibility it's been for me.

Suddenly, that involuntarily blood-curdling laugh comes
out of him. Icicles form on Barbara Walrus' tusks.

BARBARA
(recovering her poise)
And how is the Prince enjoying our country?

LORD VULTURA
Very much. Of course, if it were up to
him, he'd be out doing everything. You
know how 8 year olds are. He wants to
try hot dogs, ice cream sodas, bubble
gum, go to an American baseball game --

BARBARA
Yes, but I suppose with security such
a problem, he's missing out on all that
fun.

LORD VULTURA
(coldly)
We have a busy schedule. Meetings, appoint-
ments. And of course, there's still his
schooling to be kept up.

INT. PRINCE PUFFY'S SUITE - DAY

BEGIN A SLOW PANNING SHOT AROUND THE LARGE ROOM ON A GROUP
OF THREE OWLS, all clad in black academic robes and mortar-
boards. Each of them is writing today's lessons on a separate
blackboard. One is doing a sum. One is drawing a graph. One
is writing "M-A-N spells MAN."

Music: Off-screen, in b.g., the halting notes of somebody
playing a piano piece not very well are heard.

NARRATOR(v.o.)
Yes, even a Prince has to go to school.
The difference is, when you're a Prince,
you take the school with you.

Two of the OWL PROFESSORS at the blackboards back into each
other. Their tail feathers get tangled up together and they
have to try and pull themselves apart, as we hear:

NARRATOR (v.o.)
You know, of course, that birds of a
feather stick together.

The PAN continues, past the canopied royal bed -- which is actually a large nest with heraldic shields on the back-board -- to a piano.

Seated at this piano, looking as unhappy as all 8 year olds do at their piano lesson, is Prince Puffy. Beside him stands the piano teacher, AN OWL. In front of him, a sleeping WOOD-PECKER sits on a perch in front of a block of wood.

TEACHER

(a bit exasperated)

Again, Your Highness. Ready --

He taps the Woodpecker, who wakes up, shakes his head, and glumly begins to peck at the wooden block in a steady rhythm: a living metronome. (And not too happy about it, either.)

TEACHER

(counting off the beat)

One and two and ---

Prince Puffy begins to play a simple piano piece.

(Note: It is very important that this tune be easily recognizable and simple to follow, so that when the Prince plays one note wrong, the mistake is obvious to anyone in the audience. The mistake must be as bold as playing the last note of "Happy Birthday To You" wrong, for instance.)

At a certain point, Prince Puffy hits that wrong note -- a terrible clinker.

TEACHER

No, no, no!

(singing the right melody)

It goes Da-Da-Dee-Da-Dum. Every time you make the same mistake! Try again.

Again he raps the woodpecker on the head, this time a bit more sharply. Again the Prince plays. Again he misses the note, makes the same goof.

TEACHER

(at the end of his rope)

Prince Puffy ---

PRINCE PUFFY

Is difficult.

TEACHER

Your Majesty, if you play it like that at the coronation ceremony, you will be a laughingstock! And then what will happen to me?

PRINCE PUFFY
Bye bye Birdie?

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A contented Jerry is putting the last of his clothes away in a bureau drawer. He looks around, pleased with the way the pad is shaping up. Then he walks to the mouse hole, filled with anticipatory delight.

NARRATOR (v.o.)
Back on Elm Street, Jerry was just
finding out how nice it is to have
a room with a view.

JERRY'S POV, LOOKING OUT -- All that cheese.

He peers out into the living room (the "main house" l.r.). All is silence. No sound save for the ticking of a clock.

He goes through the hole.

INT. MAIN HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

FOLLOW JERRY as he tiptoes across the rug, crossing the entire living room. Not a soul around. He goes into:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is similarly unoccupied. Jerry shoves a stool over to the refrigerator, climbs up on it and now hauls himself up to the top of the refrigerator where the big platter of cheese sits.

He lifts the glass cover.

WIPE DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

He is laying on the sofa, looking extremely surfeited. In fact, his belly is swollen with the results of his cheese binge so that he looks like he's suddenly grown a great paunch. He smiles with great contentment, belches discreetly, then takes up a pad and pencil. As he begins to write, using his new belly as a resting place for the pad, he reads aloud:

JERRY
"Dear Mickey, Forget Los Angeles, forget Hollywood. I have found the fondue at the end of the rainbow. They say that a mouse's hole is his castle and I have finally found mine. Peace and quiet.

JERRY (cont'd)

Nothing to disturb me. At last I can
live a life of quiet contemplat ---"

Suddenly, off-screen:

Sound: the screeching of truck brakes, coming to a stop right
outside.

HOLD ON JERRY. Puzzled, he puts down his pad and pencil, gets
up, walks to the front door. He opens it, looks out.

EXT. YARD - DAY

The panel truck parked in the driveway has a sign painted on
the side: WOODY'S PET SHOP.

ON JERRY. Even more puzzled. Thinking it over, he walks
across his room to the mouse hole-doorway, peeks out.

JERRY'S POV: BEGIN ON a large box labelled Woody's Pet Shop.
It is opened, its lid off, a big ribbon with a bow now untied.

PAN SLOWLY FROM THE OPENED BOX TO THE ENTRANCE TO THE KITCHEN.
CAMERA IS IN TIGHT (STILL JERRY'S POV) AS IT NOW FOCUSES ON
the end of a tail. The tip is white fur, but the rest of the
tail is gray.

PAN UP THE TAIL, STILL GOING VERY SLOWLY. As CAMERA PANS
THE GRAY FUR BODY ---

Sound: Off-screen but very nearby, the unmistakable sound of
milk being poured from a bottle.

PAN UP TO THE HEAD of an animal who is pouring the milk into
a glass. He drinks it all down in one big chug-a-lug and
then licks his chops (and whiskers).

It is a cat. But not just any old cat. Wily and sly, greedy
and self-indulgent, selfish and spoiled, tricky and untrust-
worthy --these are all adjectives that can be fairly applied
to him. And yet there is another side. Underneath all that is
a decent and pretty good-hearted guy who never really tries
to hurt or be mean and whose aggressive acts are just his
way of having fun. There is a jaunty charm to him at all
times, a kind of roguish twinkle. This is, to be sure,
TOM CAT.

MED. C.U. JERRY -- Looking out of his mouse hole, his expres-
sion one of total despair, as if his world had just collapsed.

JERRY
(in a very quiet
little voice)

Oi vey.....

WIPE DISSOLVE

INT. MAIN HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ON TOM, fast asleep in special basket marked "Tom," filled with soft pillows. Behind him the flames flicker in the fireplace. All is quiet.

Sound-track music of a plucked, pizzicato nature indicates discreet footsteps.

ZOOM IN TO TOM'S EYE, as he opens that eye. WE SEE IN IT WHAT HE SEES: the IMAGE (REFLECTION) of Jerry, tip-toeing very carefully across the room, trying not to awaken the sleeping cat.

ON JERRY as he steps gingerly into the kitchen, like he's walking on eggshells. Every time he puts a foot down he cringes in fear that he will wake Tom.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Very carefully, he positions the stool. Very cautiously, he mounts it. Very gingerly, he starts to climb to the top of the refrigerator. Then:

From off-screen, Tom whistles the ominous three-note "gang signal whistle" from West Side Story.

Jerry freezes in mid-climb. Tom ENTERS FRAME, smiling with smug confidence, and reaches out to tap Jerry's hanging tail from side to side like a pendulum.

TOM
Thereby hangs a tail.

Trying not to show fear, Jerry pulls himself up to the top, sits, looks down nervously.

Throughout the following, Jerry is literally sweating with nervousness, while Tom deliberately enjoys the power of his position, drawing out the agony, toying with his prey. Or, in other words, playing cat-and-mouse.

JERRY
Uh...hi there.

TOM
(ultra-casual)
Hi yourself.

Long pause. Jerry seems to be trying to swallow his Adam's apple.

TOM
You come here often?

JERRY
Who, me?

TOM
I don't see anybody else around, do you?

JERRY
No, no, no, I'm.....
(thinking fast)
--just visiting. Listen, I'll just say
good-night now and --

TOM
You weren't trying to get that cheese,
by any chance.

JERRY
Nah, not me. I hate cheese. Cheese!
Yuccch! You'll never catch me eating
that---

TOM
I won't? What will I catch you eating?

JERRY
(frantically improvising)
Actually, I'm not much for eating, see.
I don't care for food of any kind. Food!
Yucch! See? I'm just ---

TOM
(quiet, in control,
enjoying all this)
Climbing the refrigerator for the exercise?

JERRY
That's it. Exactly.

TOM
(prolonging his agony)
You the house mouse here?

JERRY

Me? No! What ever gave you that idea!
I'm not ---

(anything to forestall
certain doom)

--- I'm not even a mouse, exactly.
I'm more of...of....

TOM

A short-eared rabbit?

JERRY

In a way.

TOM

An extremely small grizzly bear?

JERRY

Kind of, kind of....

TOM

But not a mouse.

JERRY

Not....actually, no.

TOM

You must be right. I never saw a mouse
sweat like that.

(Jerry is literally drenched)
Maybe you're a fish.

JERRY

Not exactly....Well, why don't I just
say good-night and--

TOM

Look,.....uh, what's your name?

JERRY

(can barely get it out)

Je..Jerry.

TOM

I'm Tom. Tom Cat. It's a good thing
you're not a mouse, y'know? 'Cause us
cats, we have a thing about mice. Know
what I mean?

JERRY

(gulp)

So I've heard....

The ticking bomb is about to detonate.

TOM

Look, why don't you come down here and let's try to iron out our little difficulties! Unless you're board!

With that, he yanks hard on Jerry's tail. As Jerry crashes to the ground, Tom pushes a button on the wall. An ironing board springs out from its housing and begins to pound the mouse, driving him deeper and deeper into the floor just like a hammer pounding a nail. As Jerry's head begins to flatten like the head of a nail ---

WIPE DISSOLVE

ON JERRY, out cold, on the kitchen floor. As he woozily comes to:

Sound: Real boards being hammered by real nails.

ON THE REFRIGERATOR -- Tom is furiously boarding it up with planks of 2 by 4's, hanging signs saying MICE KEEP OUT, THIS MEANS SHORT-EARED RABBITS TOO! He works at a rapid pace, almost manic in his intensity, putting up enough boards to keep out an army of mice.

So absorbed is he in his work that he doesn't see Jerry come crawling up behind him. Jerry gently lifts the end of Tom's tail, moves to the right a few feet, where a waffle iron sits on the kitchen counter.

He plugs in the electricity, closes the waffle iron on Tom's tail. In seconds, the iron glows red hot. Then:

TOM

YEOW!!!!

Tom leaps up in the air, screaming. His tail -- the part of it affected, anyhow -- has now taken on the shape of a waffle, round and gridded. And glowing red.

Jerry starts to run out of the kitchen.

Tom grabs a loaf of bread and begins flinging each slice into a toaster. Then he picks up the toaster, points it at the retreating Jerry, and begins firing toast at him like a machine-gun.

Sound: The rat-rat-tat of a machine gun.

ON JERRY -- As he frantically runs away from the oncoming toast bullets, he doesn't see where he's heading. He runs head on straight into the radiator by the wall.

A moment later, he comes out the other side of the radiator, his body now completely transformed by the pipes into a pleated, accordian shape.

As he bounces off in the direction of his mouse hole:

Sound: the wheezy chords of an accordian in time to his bounces.

ON THE MOUSE HOLE WALL -- As Jerry, now mouse-shaped again, gets there, he finds Tom already there, blocking his path, grinning devilishly.

Jerry stops, putting on the brakes and does a 180-degree turn at full speed, races off back into the living room. Tom is right behind him.

AS WE TRACK WITH THEM, they are going so fast their feet become a blur, like propellers.

They RUN OUT OF FRAME. HOLD ON THE LIVING ROOM -- the result of their furious chase can be seen on the living room rug: fiery tracks, with smoke and flames rising from the trenches dug out from their running.

ON JERRY -- As he reaches a doorway where a floor lamp stands. He quickly pulls the lamp cord taut across the doorway. A moment later Tom hits the cord, trips, and goes flying across the room.

Tom hits the rolled-down window shade on the living room window. With a loud snap, it rolls up, rolling Tom up with it. We see him wrapped around the top of the shade, going around and around the crossbar, as flattened out as a piece of canvas.

ON JERRY -- Making a desperate run for the ice box and the cheese within. As he reaches the boarded up refrigerator door;

Knives come flying at him, a mile-a-minute, drawing his outline in the boards, just like a knife-thrower in a circus's act.

REVERSE -- There is Tom, wearing the spangled cape of a circus knife thrower, flinging bread knives at Jerry. He laughs wildly.

ON JERRY - Terrified, he runs out of the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He races for the mouse hole, flying like a rocket for the last few yards. He gets in. Once there --

REVERSE -- He sees Tom coming for the hole.

With super strength he shoves hard against the side of the

mouse hole-doorway, moving the entire hole (magically, to be sure) about three feet to the right.

But it's too late for Tom to adjust his trajectory, as he zooms straight for where the mouse hole was just moments before.

Horror on his face, as he sees the hole ain't there anymore.

Too late to stop now. With a tremendous crash, he hits the solid wall.

He falls backwards, unconscious. The imprint of a splayed-out cat is left on the broken plaster wall.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

NARRATOR (v.o.)
One week later.....
 (miffed, mutters to
 himself)
 Hmph! Some dialogue! "One week
 later." For that they hire a fine
 actor? For "One week later?"

A miserable and extremely skinny Jerry is sprawled on his bed. Above his head a balloon appears -- a "thought balloon." Wedges of cheese are in it.

Delirious, he reaches up into the balloon for a piece of cheese, but as he does so, the balloon pops.

Jerry's stomach audibly growls.

JERRY
 Stop growling.

JERRY'S STOMACH
 I can't help it, I'm hungry, too.

He staggers out of bed. FOLLOW HIM to mouse hole-doorway, where he peeks out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room is strung with barbed-wire fences. Sand-bags are stacked as barriers. A hand-painted sign reads:
No-Mouse-Land

Beyond all those barriers, luxuriantly ensconced on his fluffy pillows in the basket, Tom, wearing polka-dot silk pajama tops, reclines whilst sipping milk through a straw. He reads a book: 100 Favorite Mouse Recipes.

Sound: the phone rings.

Tom reaches over and picks up the phone.

TOM

Hello?....Felix! How you doin'? Still draggin' your tail?...Nah, not me, this place is the greatest! I'm tellin' you, it's the cat's meow. All the comforts of home. Fresh milk every day! Yeah! Plenty of sardines! They even gave me some sharp clothes.

(fingering his silk outfit)

Really, the cat's pajamas!....Nah, I'm not gettin' soft. I get plenty of exercise. There's this mouse here. A pitiful case. But he's a lotta laughs. Whenever I feel like stretchin' my paws a little, I let him think he can get to the food. Then I chase him around....Yeah, I do about two miles a day. He can really run....Nah, he hasn't had a bite to eat in close to a week. Ha ha ha! So what? It's one less mouse to feed, right?I'm tellin' you, Felix, I feel like I died and went to Heaven. It's purrrrrrrfect here. Nothin' to worry about. Nothin' to get on my ---

Sound: Suddenly, just outside in the street, the sounds of construction. Hammering, sawing, etc.

TOM

(startled)

What the ----?

(to phone)

Hold on a sec.

He gets off his pillows, strolls to the window and looks out.

TOM'S POV:

EXT. YARD - DAY

A doghouse has just been put up on the lawn. The tools-hammer, saw, nails --- lay on the grass in front of it. A sign over the doorway of the house reads: "SPIKE."

A moment later the occupant of the house emerges from its dark interior and steps into the sunlight. He is a truly mammoth bulldog, a King Kong of bulldogs. He wears a spiked collar with a little bell hanging on it around his neck. He is light gray in color, jowly according to his breed and possessed of the most formidable set of choppers you've ever seen in any animal's mouth. A great big good-hearted dog, a friend of the weak and oppressed, an enemy of the bully and the oppressor, this is SPIKE.

He lets out a mighty roar of self-announcement that shivers the timbers of the nearby trees.

PAN TO TOM, standing at the window, seeing Spike for the first time. A startling transformation --- fear has turned Tom totally white.

And now he turns into an old man ---suddenly sprouting white beard, all stooped over, leaning on a cane.

TOM
(in an old man's quivery
voice)

Oi vey.....

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jerry, as we just left him (skinny and sad) suddenly hears a noise outside in the yard. The noise is Spike, howling with pain.

JERRY

Huh?

He rushes to the front door, opens it, looks out.

EXT. YARD - DAY

Spike is writhing on the lawn in front of his doghouse, howling in pain, clutching one of his paws. (Note: traditionally, Spike speaks in a gravelly voice, and a "dese, dem and dose" accent)

SPIKE
My poor paw! My poor paw!

JERRY
Your father?

He comes closer to him, still a bit unsure.

SPIKE
Da pain! De agony! De excrutiatin'
painful agony of it all!

He rolls from side to side in anguish. Jerry comes closer, takes a good look at the hurt paw.

INSERT: There is a nail, one of those left laying on the grass after the house was built, deeply imbedded in Spike's paw.

JERRY
It's a nail.

SPIKE
Ingrown? I knew it!

JERRY
Not that kind of nail. Wait a second.

Jerry picks up the claw hammer laying nearby and approaches the paw.

C.U. SPIKE -- in pain, looking pleadingly at Jerry.

C.U. JERRY - Now wearing surgeon's garb -- a hospital green mask, cap and robe.

SPIKE
Quick! Quick! It's killin' me!

JERRY
This will hurt for a second.

SPIKE
I can take it!

JERRY
Better bite on this.

He picks up a big dog bone and shoves it between Spike's massive teeth. Spike bites down.

Jerry applies the claw end of the hammer to the nail in his paw, begins to yank.

Sound: suction, like a cork being pulled out of a bottle.

Spike bites the bone so hard it crumbles into powder.

Pop! Out comes the nail.

SPIKE
(sharp pain)
Oh!
(sudden relief)
Oooooohhhhh.....ahhhhhhhhh.....

JERRY
Better?

SPIKE
You saved my life.

JERRY
(no longer in surgeon garb)
That's okay.

SPIKE
(immensely grateful)
It's more'n okay. You're my pal. My

SPIKE (cont'd)
pal for life. Put 'er there!
(shakes hands)

JERRY
My name's Mouse. Jerry Mouse.

SPIKE
Spike Bulldog. You live around here?

Jerry points to his blue doorway on the side of the house.

JERRY
Right there.

SPIKE
Hey! We're neighbors! Listen, Jerry,
you're what I call a stand-up mouse.
I ain't never gonna forget what you done
for me. So I tell you what-- if you ever
need my help ---
(he takes the little bell
off his collar and hands
it to Jerry)
Just ring this bell. Just ring it and
I'll be there quick as a flash.

Jerry is surprised and filled with wonder at this unexpected largesse. He studies the little bell in his paw.

JERRY
You mean, just.....
(he rings it; ting-a-ling)

SPIKE
Dat's it. See ya aroun', little buddy.

Spike goes into his house.

Jerry, looking at the bell, begins to walk with a little more assurance now, even beginning to strut. FOLLOW HIM as he strolls around the front of the house.

ON THE FRONT PORCH -- Tom comes out, sees Jerry. His eyes pop out, his fur sticks up in spikes.

TOM
Who said you could go outside!

He takes a flying leap to Jerry and is about to grab him around the neck, when Jerry holds up one hand, palm outward in the authoratative gesture that means "Stop!" (Somehow, in cartoons, whenever anybody does this, no matter how small, the attacker does stop, obeying a natural instinct.)

Tom comes to a stop. Jerry holds up the little bell. Tom

grabs the bell out of his hand. He looks at it, puzzled. Then he rings it once. Ting-a-ling.

Instantly, Spike comes charging out of the blue, towering above the hysterically frightened Tom. Spike socks him in the jaw. Tom flies straight up OUT OF FRAME. Spike grabs him by the tail, whaps him from one side to the other, slamming him against the ground. With one last smash, he drops him.

Tom breaks into five distinct pieces. A leg falls off, then another leg, then the other two, then the head.

All of this has happened in just a few furiously energetic instants. Now Spike, with a big grin, hands Jerry back the bell.

SPIKE
(with a wink)
Anytime, pal.

WIPE DISSOLVE

EXT. LAWN - DAY

A very pissed-off Tom is stalking an unsuspecting Jerry. Tom has a brick concealed behind his back. He raises it high, about to bring it down on the mouse's head, when Jerry turns and sees it. Tom freezes with his hand in the air, like the Statue of Liberty.

JERRY
Something?

ON TOM -- Now clad in the Statue of Liberty's clothes, and crown. He tries to bluff his way out of it with:

TOM
"Give me your tired, your poor,
You huddled masses yearning to breathe free..."

But Jerry isn't buying it. He rings the little bell. Ting-a-ling.

The fist of Spike, inflated to five times the normal size, comes zooming around the corner like Plastic Man's in the old comic, and connects sharply with Tom's snoot. Pow!

It knocks Tom hard against the garage door, with such force that the door flies up with Tom on it. He disappears from sight.

A moment later, the door comes down and Tom, flattened like a steam-roller had run over him, comes sliding down the door.

WIPE DISSOLVE

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jerry is propped up in bed wearing fancy pajamas. A miserable-looking Tom, wearing a butler's coat, waits beside him, taking orders, handing him fresh bites of cheese. The little bell sits on the bed tray, ready to be rung at the sign of the slightest infraction.

Jerry pops a large wedge of cheese into his mouth in one bite. Halfway down his throat, it gets stuck, and we can see its shape much as we would if a snake swallowed a larger animal. Jerry points to his back, signalling Tom.

Tom helpfully pats his back until, with a gulp, the hunk of cheese goes down.

TOM
(clenched teeth)
All better?

JERRY
All better who?
(he raises the bell
provocatively)

TOM
(it kills him to say this)
All better, Master Jerry?

JERRY
Yes, thank you.

WIPE DISSOLVE

INT. LIVING ROOM, MAIN HOUSE -- NIGHT

A gloomy-looking Tom sits on the sofa, watching the T.V. set.

MOVE IN TO THE T.V. AS, this time the CBS logo appears, followed by a mustached, middle-aged, avuncular Cat Newscaster. It is, of course, WALTER CRONKCAT.

INT. NEWS STUDIO, T.V.

WALTER
Good evening, this is Walter Cronkcat and the news. This afternoon, in a stormy session at City Hall ---

We SEE a SHOT OF CITY HALL with lightening and thunder around it.

WALTER (cont'd)
-- the controversial leash law was passed by the City Council. Starting tomorrow,

WALTER (cont'd)

all dogs must be kept on a leash or risk
a one-way trip to the dog pound.

Now the word "COMMENTARY" appears at the bottom of the T.V.
picture.

WALTER

Speaking for the staff of WCAT, may I say
that it's about time the authorities took
this step to rid the streets of the canine
menace, making them safe for all the soft,
cuddly pussycats of the world.

(change of tone)

And now, on the economic front ---

Tom switches it off. He has a big grin on his face for the
first time in days.

EXT. YARD, DOG HOUSE - DAY

A gloomy, down-in-the-dumps Spike sits beside his doghouse.
A thick rope is attached to his collar, and the other end
is attached to the doghouse.

Tom, smug and gloating, comes strutting out, goes over to him.

TOM

Tough break, fella.

SPIKE

It shouldn't happen to a dog.

Taking his time, Tom, as if merely curious, picks up the
slack leash rope and measures it off quickly by overlapping
one foot at a time in his hands.

TOM

(to himself)

Four feet.....

Now he drops the rope and walks off four feet in a straight
line from the front of the doghouse. This, then, is exactly
how far Spike can go before he has reached the end of his
leash.

Using his foot, Tom draws a line in the dirt to mark this
distance.

Tom then stands just a bit on the other side of the dividing
line. Then he leans way over to Spike and raps the dog
sharply across the head.

Spike leaps up, furious, and springs at Tom. But Tom is safe

by inches on the other side of the line. As Spike strains in vain at the restraining rope, Tom, in rapid succession:

1. Hits Spike in the face with a cream pie.
2. Using two pie plates as cymbals, he crashes Spike's head between them (with appropriate sound effects).
3. Socks him with a big boxing glove.
4. Spike is snapping his teeth ferociously, growling, just inches short of being able to connect.
5. Tom holds up a log to Spike's snapping jaws. With the sound of a buzzsaw, Spike bites most of the wood off rapidly, whittling the log into the shape of a baseball bat.
6. Tom swings the baseball bat and knocks Spike back into the doghouse.

Immensely pleased with himself, Tom now dusts his hands and starts into the house.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Unsuspecting, Jerry still sits in his cushy bed, munching cheese.

Tom enters with a rolled-up newspaper in hand.

JERRY

(imperiously)

How dare you enter without knocking?

TOM

Oh, I'm knocking, I'm knocking!

And with that he wallops Jerry across the head with the newspaper.

Amazed at the effrontery, Jerry reaches for the little bell. Tom just stands there, smiling. Jerry rings it. Ting-a-ling.

Nothing happens. He rings it again. Waits. Nothing. Tom now produces a tray with four different sized bells on it.

TOM

(helpfully)

Why not try one of these?

Jerry rings each bell, each a pitch lower. But nobody comes.

Frantic, he leaps from the bed and runs out of the room.

EXT. YARD, DOGHOUSE - DAY

Jerry races up to the doghouse, where Spike, depressed and miserable, sits tied up. Jerry rings his little bell, but Spike just looks up sadly.

JERRY

Hey! Ding-dong! Ring-a-ling! Clang-clang!

Spike holds up the rope, showing him the problem.

SPIKE

Sorry, little pal. I'm at de end of my rope.

Tom comes charging out of the house, heading for Jerry.

JERRY

Yipes!

He runs away. As Tom comes after him, just as he passes the doghouse, he stops. A malicious grin comes on his face. He stands on the other side of the line and gives Spike a Bronx cheer.

Enraged, Spike leaps to the line, jaws snapping. But again, just short.

Tom holds a length of lead plumbing pipe out, sticks it in Spike's snapping jaws. With a horrible KRRRRUNCH sound, Spike's teeth all fall out, broken in little bits.

TOM

I don't think you've been brushin' between meals, friend.

WIPE DISSOLVE

EXT. LAWN, DOGHOUSE - DAY

Spike, alone for the moment, gets up, goes over to the line that Tom made in the dirt, and erases it, covering it up with his paw. Then he draws a line exactly like it, but about six inches closer to the doghouse. Then he sits down to wait.

A moment later, Jerry whizzes by, running for his life. Tom is right behind him, but when he passes the doghouse, he just can't resist. He stops, stands on the "safe" side of the line.

TOM

(taunting)

What's the matter, friend? All tied up?

Spike leaps over the line and grabs the astonished Tom in a bear hug.

Hysterical, Tom tries to extricate himself. Spike clutches his fur. With a sound of rrrrrrrrip! Tom's entire fur covering is yanked off, revealing him clad in long red flannels underneath.

Mortified with embarrassment, Tom sees US (THE AUDIENCE) looking at him in his underwear. He covers his private parts and runs behind a tree.

ZOOM PAST HIM as a bicycle with a NEWSBOY BEAR CUB comes down the road. He flings the newspaper on the front porch.

INSERT: ON THE NEWSPAPER

Headlines read:	LEASH LAW LIFTED
	HAPPY HOUNDS HAIL FREEDOM
	NO STRINGS ON DOGS
	DOGS FREE TO ROAM

And some accompanying photos of wildly cheering dogs at a demonstration rally.

WIPE DISSOLVE

EXT. LAWN, HOUSE - DAY

Jerry facing toward the house, Tom in hot pursuit.

Jerry bounds up the porch steps. But before Tom can do the same, the paw of Spike comes INTO FRAME and steps down on Tom's tail.

Tom, not yet realizing he is immobile, keeps running, but he's simply running in place, churning the air. He turns to see what's holding him back.

Tom is startled to see Spike loose. How startled? His jaw drops -- clear to the ground. That startled.

TOM

You???

SPIKE

I think so.

Spike bops Tom in the kisser, this way and that way. Tom bobs back and forth with each punch, like one of those punching bag toys that are weighted at the bottom so they never fall, merely bob back and forth.

EXT. RITZ WALDORF HOTEL - NIGHT

Various comings and going outside the swank hotel, as:

NARRATOR (v.o.)

Back in the city, plans were going
ahead at the Ritz Waldorf....

(conversationally)

Y'know, what I don't understand is --
what does all this stuff about the
Prince have to do with Tom and Jerry?
I mean, I just don't see the connection,
y'know what I mean?

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ROYAL SUITE

Two SECRET SERVICE BIRDS stand guard outside the double doors of the Royal Suite.

Lord Vultura comes around the corner, carrying an attache case.

FIRST GUARD

Hold it right there! Nobody's
allowed --

(now he sees who it is)

Oh, it's you.

LORD VULTURA

Yesssss.

FIRST GUARD

Sorry, Your Lordship.

LORD VULTURA

Is His Highness asleep?

FIRST GUARD

I guess so.

LORD VULTURA

Well, I'll try not to disturb him.
I just have to get a few papers.

He opens his mouth. Instantly, the First Guard looks
terror-stricken.

FIRST GUARD

Please! Don't do that laugh! Please!

LORD VULTURA

Well, I wouldn't want to wake the Prince.

He leaves the much-relieved Guard and opens the doors of the
Suite, enters.

INT. ROYAL SUITE BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Prince is fast asleep in his canopied nest. The nearby window is partly open, the curtains blowing gently in the breeze.

Lord Vultura goes to the various desks and lecterns where the days' lessons are arranged. He opens the folder marked MATHEMATICS, takes the top few pages, then takes the top pages from the GEOGRAPHY folder and the GRAMMAR folder.

He then walks to the piano and takes the sheet music -- the same one we saw the Prince trying to master earlier -- off the music stand. He puts all these papers in his attache case, snaps the lid shut.

The noise of the snap wakes Prince Puffy.

PRINCE PUFFY
Somebody there?

LORD VULTURA
Just me, Your Majesty.

PRINCE PUFFY
Uncle Vultura?

LORD VULTURA
Go back to sleep now. I'm just....
preparing some things for your future.

He leaves the room.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lord Vultura waits by an elevator. It arrives. He enters.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

It is packed with animals -- hotel guests, bellhops, etc. Among them is a particularly prissy-looking LADY CHIMPANZEE in a matronly hat and outfit. As the elevator descends, she suddenly lets out a yelp, and her eyes widen in astonishment.

The elevator stops and all get out. Now we see the cause of her reaction: a GOOSE who was standing behind her grins lewdly.

INT. RITZ WALDORF LOBBY - NIGHT

Lord Vultura exits the elevator and walks across the lobby.

Coming in the opposite direction are about ten ELKS on their way to the elevators.

PAN TO THE DIRECTORY -- It says "ELKS' CLUB MEETING,
SECOND FLOOR BALLROOM.

ON LORD VULTURA -- He walks directly into the room marked
GENTS'.

INT. GENTS' ROOM - NIGHT

Lord Vultura looks around to make sure nobody is in there
with him. Satisfied he is not being observed, he now enters
the toilet stall.

INT. TOILET STALL - NIGHT

He sits on the closed toilet and pulls the chain. Instantly,
an extraordinary thing happens. The ground beneath opens up
and the toilet begins to slowly descend to the cellar below --
it is, we realize, a secret means of getting to a secret
hideout. Of course, the flushing sound accompanies the trip.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The toilet comes down to the basement in a dark room. Lord
Vultura gets up and knocks three times in a rhythmic way on
the door before him. No response. He gives the secret knock
again. No response.

LORD VULTURA
Open up, you idiot!

KOOK
(from inside)
Who's there?

LORD VULTURA
It's me, fool!

KOOK
Me fool who?

LORD VULTURA
(enraged)
Open the door, Kook, or I'll open
your head!!!
(the door opens)
Not that I'd find anything in there.

He enters.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

A dingy boiler room which has been converted into a hideout. A dirty bare mattress, a card table, some chairs. Another door leads to an adjoining bathroom.

KOOK

Hiya, boss. Wanna know the time?

LORD VULTURA

Where is he?

KOOK

Where's who? Who's where?

LORD VULTURA

Bertram! Where is Bertram Bird, you lunatic?!

At that moment, the bathroom door opens and out steps the bird in question. He is exactly the same height as Prince Puffy. In fact, he looks exactly like him in every single way -- eyes, face, expression -- save one: instead of being a glorious golden color, he is a dingy gray. He is also surly, tough, ill-tempered and troublesome. A real juvenile delinquent who smokes cigarettes and talks out of the side of his beak, this is BERTRAM BIRD, aged 8.

BERTRAM

Don't getcha feathers in an uproar, Pops.

LORD VULTURA

Why aren't you studying?

BERTRAM

Who says I ain't?

LORD VULTURA

"Ain't!" Prince Puffy never says "ain't."
And take that cigarette out of your beak!

Sullenly, Bertram puts his cig out.

BERTRAM

(muttering)

What a pain in the tail feathers....

LORD VULTURA

(martyred)

Just my luck that the worst delinquent in the Pingo Pongo Reform School is the only one who's a dead ringer for the Prince.

BERTRAM

The Prince, the Prince, I'm sick of
hearin' about that joik.

LORD VULTURA

(menacingly)

You'll be sicker than that if you don't
get down to business. Listen to you! You
don't sound anything like him!

BERTRAM

(doing a perfect imitation
of Prince Puffy's cute
little voice)

I no sound like Prince Puffy? You sure
I no sound like him, Uncle Vultura?

LORD VULTURA

Not bad, I must admit...

BERTRAM

It's a piece o' cake, fa cryin' out loud.

KOOK

Pretty good, huh boss? Pretty boss, huh good?

Lord Vultura opens his briefcase, hands the lessons to
Bertram.

LORD VULTURA

Here's what he's been studying today.
Learn all of it.

BERTRAM

(gripping)

Geez, if I wanted to go to school I
coulda stayed where I was.

LORD VULTURA

(threateningly)

Would you like to go back? In solitary
confinement? On plain seed and water?
It can be arranged, you know.

BERTRAM

Awright, awright, I'll learn this junk.

(he looks at the sheet

music)

What's dis?

LORD VULTURA

His piano piece. Learn that, too.

He starts to leave the room.

KOOK
What about me?

LORD VULTURA
What about you?

KOOK
Uh....I don't know. Just thought
I'd ask.

EXT. TOM AND JERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

NARRATOR (v.o.)
Meanwhile, back at 29 Elm Street....
(bitching)
I am really going to complain to my
agent about this dialogue! I mean,
really! I've had more to say at
supermarket openings!

INT. MAIN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tom is curled up on the sofa reading Playcat Magazine. With a lascivious grin, he turns the magazine sideways to look at The Pet of the Month, a sexy Angora cat in a garter belt.

Music: the radio is playing

INT. JERRY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

As music continues in the outer room, Jerry is seen seated in his easy chair. He is reading a book: The Brothers Carry Mouse Off, by Dostoevski.

Suddenly the urgent voice of an announcer breaks through on the radio, as we CROSS CUT to both Tom and Jerry reacting.

ANNOUNCER (v.o.)
(radio voice)
We interrupt this broadcast to bring you an urgent warning. A white mouse has just escaped from the experimental laboratory. Before escaping he consumed enough of a new secret explosive to blow up an entire city! If you see this white mouse, telephone officials at once! Whatever you do, remember the slightest jar will explode this white mouse and destroy the entire city! Be careful! Please! Be careful!

Tom leaps up, a look of fear on his face, and quickly closes all the windows in the room.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Jerry, with an impish smile, takes down a big can of white-wash from a shelf.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tom curled up with his magazine on the sofa again. From o.s.:

JERRY

Ahem.....

TOM

(looks up casually)

Hi.

He goes back to his magazine and then it hits him in a double take of great intensity -- his eyes pop, his head corkscrews about four feet out of his neck and he lets out a scream.

WHAT HE SEES: Jerry, now painted white, standing there. Tom doesn't recognize it's Jerry. All he sees is:

TOM

White mouse! White mouse!

Jerry waves hello.

TOM

Don't move! Don't move!

(frantic)

Just-----don't-----move!!!!

He races toward him with a plate stacked high with cheese.

TOM

Here! Eat, eat, later you'll talk!

Tom races to the phone, starts to dial when, off-screen, Jerry whistles harshly, the way you whistle for a taxi. Tom turns to see, registers horror.

There is Jerry walking along the edge of the mantelpiece, almost losing his balance, like a man on a tightrope. As he starts to tip, Tom dashes over holding out a sofa cushion.

Jerry falls, Tom catches him on the soft cushion. He puts him down, takes out a hanky and mops his brow. He wrings out the hanky -- water gushes from it.

TOM
Don't move! Just lay there! Think
Quiet thoughts!

He runs back to phone, starts to dial again, looks up.
His tongue begins to vibrate like an alarm bell.

TOM
NO!

WHAT HE SEES: Jerry the White Mouse, climbing the refrigerator to get more cheese.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Tom runs to stop him.

TOM
Wait! I'll get it! I'll get it!

In his haste, he bangs into the stool. The White Mouse slips, starts to lose his balance. Tom ducks down, shuts his eyes, puts his hands over his ears, grimaces as he waits for the explosion.

Jerry falls, lands on the kitchen counter, skids forward and lands right in the sink, which is half-filled with dish-washing water.

He climbs out of the sink. Tom opens one eye and looks at him.

Jerry smiles arrogantly. What he doesn't know is that the water has washed the whitewash off his legs, which are now their normal brown color again.

TOM
(slow burn)
You never swallowed an explosive, but
you did put your foot in your mouth.

Jerry looks at his feet, sees what has happened.

ON TOM -- now clad in a karate suit with a black belt, he lets out a fierce cry and comes leaping across the room like Bruce Lee on a rampage.

Jerry ducks out of the way, Tom smashes into the stove. A pot tips over and falls on his head with a loud clang. He pulls it off - his head is now the shape of a pot.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jerry is running for safety. He turns and sees Tom coming.

As Tom executes another one of his flying leaps, Jerry reaches into the umbrella stand, pulls out an umbrella, and holds it out like a sword.

Tom, in mid-scream, finds himself swallowing the umbrella. Its pointed shape shows through his head. A moment later, Jerry pushes the button to open it and Tom's entire head turns into the shape of an open umbrella.

Jerry takes off. Tom chases after him. They RUN OUT OF FRAME. HOLD ON THE AREA THEY HAVE JUST LEFT as furniture comes flying, broken lamps and chairs, curtains and cushions, as THE ENTIRE IMAGE SHAKES VIOLENTLY to denote the ferocity of the off-screen battle. Sound-effects should like World War III.

The room looks like a hurricane hit it. Suddenly:

Sound: from off-screen, the front door opens. Then:

WOMAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
(aghast)

Good Lord ! Look at this mess!

MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
What hap---Oh my God! My living room!
Who could have ---

WOMAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
He did it! Look at him!

Tom is cringing guiltily in a corner of the room. Jerry is nowhere in sight.

WOMAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
That horrible cat! I knew we never
should have got him!

MAN's VOICE (o.s.)
Well, he's not staying here a minute
longer, I'll tell you that!

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Just inside his mouse hole, Jerry doubles up with silent laughter.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The front door is opened and Tom comes hurtling out the door on the end of a well-placed kick.

He sails right over the fence.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

TRACKING JUST AHEAD of Jerry and Maggie Mouse as they stroll down a suburban street, out on a date. Jerry is still chuckling with delight as he relishes the bad luck that came to Tom.

JERRY
(finishing the story)
And then he said --
(imitating the man's voice)
"He's not staying here anymore, I'll tell you that!" And then he kicked him like a football, right over the fence.
(he laughs happily at the memory)

Maggie does not join in the laughter, but looks disapprovingly at him.

MAGGIE
You'd think they would have given him a second chance.

JERRY
(surprised to hear this)
What?

MAGGIE
I mean, anybody is entitled to one mistake.

JERRY
(can't believe what he's hearing)
But ---

MAGGIE
You're really pleased, aren't you?

JERRY
Well, sure! After the way he used to chase me around and --

MAGGIE
He can't help that, can he. He's a cat. He's not responsible for his instincts.

JERRY
(uncomfortable, incredulous at this nobility)
You feel sorry for him???

MAGGIE
(not harshly)
I feel sorry for you.

JERRY

Me????

MAGGIE

For not having any simple rodent compassion for a fellow creature in trouble.

JERRY

But -- but -- he's a cat!

MAGGIE

Yes, but he still an animal, isn't he?

(sighs)

I thought you were a bigger mouse than that, Jerry.

Jerry is really bummed out now. The evening isn't going the way he thought it would.

JERRY

I guess you'd rather I took you home, huh?

MAGGIE

Why, we're going to the movies, aren't we?

JERRY

(confused)

Well, yeah...but I thought....

MAGGIE

Look, remember what I said before about everybody deserving a second chance. Well, that includes you.

JERRY

Oh....

MAGGIE

Think about it, Jerry. Oh, here we are!

NEW ANGLE -- We now see that they have reached a movie theatre.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

A few OTHER ANIMALS on line. The marquee reads:

MILKY ROONEY and BULL HOLDEN

in

COW, VOYAGER

plus cartoon

In the ticket-seller's cage is a PARROT.

PARROT
How many, please?

JERRY
Two.

He buys his tickets. They enter the theatre.

INT. THEATRE LOBBY

A BILLY GOAT USHER stands at the rope, taking tickets from entering patrons and eating them. Jerry puts his tickets in the goat's mouth.

Jerry and Maggie pass the refreshment stand. An OCTOPUS works busily behind the counter, making change with one hand, pouring soda with another, getting popcorn with a third, making hot dogs with a fourth, selling candy with a fifth and so on.

JERRY
(looking at Octopus)
How come they get so many of the good jobs?

MAGGIE
They have a powerful union. Its tentacles spread everywhere in the city.

They enter the movie theatre auditorium.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE AUDITORIUM

We can hear music and dialogue coming from the screen, but CAMERA IS ON JERRY AND MAGGIE, NOT FACING THE SCREEN.

AN USHER (ST. BERNARD DOG) carrying a jar of fireflies comes up to them.

USHER
This way.

They select a nearby row.

JERRY
This will be fine.

ANGLE DOWN TOWARD THE FLOOR BETWEEN ROWS as Jerry and Maggie try to reach seats in the middle of the row. We SEE many,

many legs with many, many shoes that Jerry and Maggie have to keep stepping over as they say:

JERRY & MAGGIE

Pardon me.....'scuse me.....excuse me.....

After this goes on for quite a while, PULL BACK TO REVEAL that it is ONE CENTIPEDE sitting in that row, but his hundred legs take up all the floor space.

Finally they find two seats, sit down.

MAGGIE

Okay?

JERRY

I guess so.

AN ENORMOUS HIPPO now sits down in the seat next to Jerry on the other side of him. His girth spills over the arm of his chair and practically envelops poor little Jerry.

JERRY

(struggling)

Let's change seats.

They get up, make their way down the aisle, go down another row of seats, sit down.

NEW ANGLE -- Seated just in front of Jerry is a GIRAFFE. Jerry can't see the screen. He tries to crane his neck to look on either side of the Giraffe's neck, but it's like being seated behind a pillar.

JERRY

This is impossible.

Again they get up, walk into the aisle.

JERRY

I'm sorry.

A PATRON (o.s.)

Shhhhhhhhhh!

JERRY

(whispers)

Sorry!

PATRON (o.s.)

(again)

Shhhhhhhhhh!

Annoyed, he turns to look at who's shushing him.

It's a SNAKE, hissing away.

They finally take two seats in another row.

From the movie screen, off, the sound of shmaltzy violin music a la "Love Story." It's obviously a sad part of the movie, and we can hear characters onscreen sobbing.

Jerry looks around him: two CROCODILES are crying great tears. Suddenly from the row behind, loud and hysterical laughter begins.

JERRY

(very annoyed, turns
around)

What's so funny? This is a sad part!

ON THE ROW BEHIND HIM -- A HYENA is seated there, laughing crazily.

HYENA

I can't help it! Hahahahahahaha!

Wordlessly, Jerry and Maggie again get up and change seats. They make themselves comfortable in another row, then a scowl crosses Jerry's face. He leans forward:

JERRY

Would you remind removing your ---

REVERSE ANGLE -- Seated in front of Jerry is a MOOSE, its antlers blocking his view of the screen.

MOOSE

What're you, a wise guy?

ON JERRY, who sinks deep into his seat, having a perfectly lousy time.

MAGGIE

Try to enjoy the movie, Jerry.

She holds out a container of popcorn to him. He takes it. Before he can get any, A CROW in the next seat leans over and begins eating it.

As Jerry commences a slow burn, steam begins coming from his ears.

MAGGIE

Just watch the picture.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

A dark back alley, lit only by a street lamp. Garbage cans and debris in f.g.

NARRATOR (v.o.)

Meanwhile.....

(mutters)

Geez.....

Forlorn and despondant, a pitifully homeless Tom comes walking down the alley, hands in his pockets, head down. A gust of wind makes him shiver. Miserable, feeling sorry for himself, he sits down on one of the garbage cans.

Suddenly, from inside the garbage can:

VOICE

Hey!

Tom jumps up, looks around to see where that voice came from.

A moment later, the lid is pushed off the can and a scroungy, mangy looking alley cat -- in fact his name is AL E. CAT -- pops out.

AL

Hey, this is my territory. Go find your own snack bar.

TOM

(sadly)

Oh, I wasn't lookin' for food.

AL

You wasn't?

TOM

(with a deep sigh)

I was just taking a load off my paws.

(starts off)

Sorry, I'll move along.

AL

You from around here?

TOM

I live on ---

(corrects himself)

I used to live on Elm Street.

AL
(commiseratingly)
Get the sack?

TOM
(gloomy)
Yeah....

AL
Things is tough all over.
(points to a back window
of a tenement)
Guy in there tried to kill me just
before! Threw a shoe at me! Can you
imagine a thing like that! I barely
escaped by a whisker!

TOM
Sometimes I think we'd all be better off ---

AL
Hey, hey, don't say that. It ain't that
bad, y'know.

TOM
I wish I had your attitude, Mr.....

AL
The name is Al. Al E. Cat.

TOM
I'm Tom.

AL
(trying to cheer him)
Lissen, Tom, you seem like a pretty hep
cat. Whyn't you come with me and meet
the gang?

TOM
The gang?

WIPE DISSOLVE

EXT. ANOTHER ALLEY - NIGHT

Tom and Al come clambering over a broken fence.

TOM
Where are we going?

AL
It's an after-hours joint.

TOM
What's that mean?

AL
It means that until closing time, it's
for people. After hours, we take over.

Sound: off-screen, a loud wolf whistle.

Both Tom and Al look toward the street, in the direction of
the whistle.

AL
That guy's a real wolf.

TOM
(enviously)
Yeah, but he sure gets the foxes.

ON THE STREET -- where we SEE a WOLF in sharp clothes,
strutting with two sexy FOXES on each arm.

WIPE DISSOLVE

EXT. ANOTHER BACK ALLEY, BY A FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

TOM
Is this it?

AL
Just follow me, pal.

They clamber up the fire escape to a beat-up metal back
fire door, pry it open and enter.

INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

A typical working-class neighborhood pool room, except all
the players are fairly rough-looking CATS. There is a bar
with a plate of fish bones under a FREE LUNCH sign.

The various hustlers look up as Tom and Al enter.

ONE OF THE CATS
(suspicious of newcomers)
Hey, Big Al. Who's this?

AL
This is Tom. He's okay.

That's good enough for them all. One of the pool players
steps up to Tom, taking his measure. This is a very heavy-
set feline.

POOL PLAYER
You shoot pool, Tom?

AL
Watch out for this guy. This is
Minnesota Cats.

TOM
(impressed)
Gee! No, I'm not in your class, sir.

Minnesota Cats walks away, uninterested.

BARTENDER
What'll it be, fellas?

AL
Gimme a Cat's Blue Ribbon. Tom?

TOM
Could I have a bullshot?

BARTENDER
Not tonight. The bull's out to pasture.

TOM
Oh, Just a milk n' tonic, then.

Another cat comes over.

SECOND CAT
Hey, guys! Where's Pussy tonight?
(to the toughest, biggest
cat in the room)
She stand you up, Jake?

JAKE
(angry)
Nobody stands me up, punk!

He brandishes the pool cue menacingly at him.

SECOND CAT
I was just kitten, Big Jake. Just kitten.

A THIRD CAT
She oughta be here soon. She does her
last number at the Kit Kat Klub at midnight.

Tom sees somebody in a corner who interests him.

TOM
Who's that old fella?

AL
Used to be with the circus. Lost
his job years ago.

TOM
What is he?

ON THIS OLD CAT, COVERED WITH BLACK SPOTS.

AL
A leopard.

LEOPARD
Oh-oh, I've been spotted.

JAKE
(loudly)
I'm tired of shootin' pool! I
want Pussy!

A sultry, throaty female voice is heard just outside the door:

PUSSY (o.s.)
Somebody call me?

A moment later a vision of pure lust enters the room, long shapely legs first. A genuine femme-fatale, oozing sex-appeal, dressed in tight, revealing clothing. Her every movement is an invitation to X-rated activity. Part Ann-Margaret, part Mae West, or pick your favorite sex symbol, this is PUSSY CAT.

She strikes a provocative pose in the doorway.

ON THE ROOM -- Every cat's eyeballs are bulging about five inches out of their sockets, every cat's tongue is hanging out.

She sidles down the stairs and sashays into the room. Strong cats faint as she passes by.

TOM
(stunned)
Holy Cats!

PUSSY
There's nothing holy about me, fella.
(to Al)
Who's the new cat in town?

AL
Say hello to Tom. Tom, this is Pussy.

TOM
I'll say! I mean---hello.

PUSSY

Whatdya say, Tom. You look like a cat
above the usual breed.

TOM

(smitten with desire)

You...you...you're beautiful.

PUSSY

(she purrs loudly)

Me? Aren't you the charmer?

She takes his hand and turns, pulling off his white glove
(all cartoon animals have white gloves, right?)

PUSSY

(suggestively)

What? Lost your mitten, you naughty kitten?

JAKE

(comes over)

Hey, Pussy! Let's go.

PUSSY

(making him jealous)

I'm just talkin' to Tom here.

JAKE

Yeah, well Tom here is done talkin'.

TOM

But --

JAKE

(snarling)

Unless you want to see the fur fly.

PUSSY

You're so crude, Jake.

JAKE

Crude, huh?

He takes out a fat wad of dollars from his pocket, flashes
them at her.

JAKE

You comin' or not?

C.U. PUSSY -- In place of her eyeballs, dollar signs appear
in her eyes.

PUSSY

(a real gold-digger)

Sure, honey, I was just bein' friendly.
You know you're the only one I care about.

She follows him toward the door. HOLD ON TOM, who watches, despondent, jilted.

AL

Some piece of change, eh?

TOM

I think she liked me.

AL

(cynically)

Hah! You? She likes the color of money,
that's what she likes. See, the kind of
guys who score Pussy ---

ON PUSSY -- She is flirting with a cat wearing a bopster's beret and dark shades.

AL (o.s.)

You got to be a cool cat ---

She leaves the COOL CAT, strokes in passing the arm of a drunken slumming cat who wears a top hat, tails and a monocle--

AL (o.s.)

--- or a top cat ---

The TOP CAT kisses her hand. She pulls away with a seductive laugh and cuddles up to the enormous Jake.

AL (o.s.)

--- or a fat cat.

ON TOM AND AL AT THE BAR

AL

None of which you is, pal. So don't even think about it unless you can keep her in the style to which she is accustomed. Skim milk and sardines ain't for Pussy. She's strictly caviar and heavy cream.

TOM

But she smiled at me. She seemed to really like me

AL

Don't even dream about it, pal. Don't even dream about it....

CAMERA MOVES INTO TIGHT C.U. OF TOM, as IMAGE BEGINS TO GROW FUZZY AND QUIVERY: The classic introduction to a dream sequence.

There will now follow a DREAM BALLET in the classic style of the great M.G.M. musicals. It will be an elaborate number in which Tom imagines himself as very wealthy in white tie and tails, with a white Rolls-Royce, servants, etc. Pussy, dripping with diamonds, is his lover in the dream sequence. The whole thing should have the quality of one of those Fred Astaire-Cyd Charisse numbers. It will feature an original song and will be designed by the director and choreographer.

Whatever it is, it reaches a big point and then suddenly ---

Sound: bang.

A pool ball has flown off the table and hit Tom in the head, breaking his reverie. He is back to grim reality.

AL
You okay, Tom?

TOM
(wistfully)
Oh sure....I'm just....great.....

INT. MOVIE THEATRE

Music swells up the way it does at the end of a feature.

Maggie dabs at her eyes with a tissue. Obviously, it was a sad movie. As she starts to get up:

Music: The bouncy "up" kind of music associated with cartoons.

JERRY
(suddenly grinning)
Wait! Wait!

MAGGIE
But the movie's over.

JERRY
I want to see the cartoon.

MAGGIE
Cartoon. Honestly, Jerry, sometimes
you're just like a kid.

JERRY
Shhh, it's starting.

WE NOW SEE on the theatre movie screen a few minutes of real animation. Except that, since this is an audience of animals in a world of animals, the characters in their cartoons are all human beings. These animated human beings are drawn very humorously. WE WATCH them carry on awhile.

WIPE DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Tom, alone again and more forlorn than ever, is wandering down the quiet street.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Jerry and Maggie come out of the theatre.

MAGGIE

Let's go next week. They've got
Mia Sparrow and Goldie Fawn in --

JERRY

(sees something across
the street)

Oh!

MAGGIE

What is it?

JERRY

It's him, the cat I was telling
you about. Tom.

Tom, walking with his head down, doesn't see them.

MAGGIE

(pityingly)

Just look at him. That's the sorriest
thing I've ever seen.

JERRY

(feels bad, too)

Yeah....poor guy.

Tom kicks at a tin can, shuffles on down the street.

MAGGIE

I'll bet he certainly would behave
himself if he could get back in that
nice house.

JERRY

Think so?

MAGGIE

(strongly hinting)

I'm sure he'd be so grateful to anybody who helped him that he'd never harm that friend again.

JERRY

(beginning to weaken)

Yeah?

MAGGIE

Not everybody gets a chance to right a wrong, Jerry. Of course, it takes a real mouse to do something like that.

Jerry has made his decision.

JERRY

Wait here a minute.

Leaving a smiling Maggie, he walks across the street to Tom. CAMERA REMAINS AT DISTANCE, so that we cannot hear what they are saying but can only SEE Jerry gesturing animatedly as he talks to Tom.

INT. KITCHEN, MAIN HOUSE - NIGHT

ON JERRY -- He is running around the kitchen, squeaking and knocking into things. As he does so, the voice of the lady of the house screams:

WOMAN'S VOICE (o.s.)

Eeeeeek! Eeeeeek! A mouse! A mouse!
Get it away! Get it away!

MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)

I don't know what to do!

Suddenly, the back door is flung open.

Music: a fanfare.

There, framed heroically in the doorway, stands Tom, clad in Super-Hero Costume, a big T on his chest, his cape fluttering proudly in the wind.

TOM

Stand back! I'll take care of this!

He leaps into the room, plants himself in Jerry's path.

TOM

(in stentorian voice)

So! Frightening decent people, eh?

Jerry pretends to cower in fear.

JERRY
Oh, please.....

TOM
Miserable little creep! I'll show
you!

He picks him up by the collar, drags him to the back door.

JERRY
(an Academy Award performance)
Don't hurt me! Don't hurt me!

TOM
You won't be bothering these good
folk again!

He flings him out the door.

EXT. LAWN - NIGHT

Jerry lands on the lawn, looks up at Tom in the doorway,
winks at him.

WOMAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
Oh, wasn't he wonderful? Did you ever
see such a masterful kitty?

MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
Come on in, Tom, old boy. Helen, open
a can of tuna for good old Tommy here.
Hey, fella, you didn't think we really
meant for you to leave, did you?

Tom winks back at Jerry, smiles his gratitude, goes back
in the house.

HOLD ON JERRY -- feeling good. FOLLOW HIM as he walks toward
the little blue door -- his entrance. As he passes Spike's
doghouse, a light bulb suddenly appears over his head.

JERRY
Sure! Why didn't I think of it before?

He reaches up and pulls the cord of the light bulb, turning
it off. Then he knocks on Spike's door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

TIGHT ANGLE (INSERT) ON A SHEET OF PAPER. It is a document, written in fancy calligraphy, and it reads:

"PEACE TREATY
We, the undersigned, hereby
agree to live in peace and
friendship from now on.

Signed

Tom
Jerry
Spike"

The proper paw print is next to each name.

THREE SHOT -- Tom, Jerry and Spike seated side by side at a table. Spike is smoking a pipe and looks oddly like Sadat. Jerry, seated in the middle, is smiling a toothy smile very much like Jimmy Carter and Tom, wearing glasses, looks amazingly like Begin.

The Peace Treaty is on the table in front of them.

SPIKE

(Sadat accent)

No more war! For sure! I have seen the expression on the faces of the cats in the street. They want peace, just as dogs want peace.

TOM

(Begin accent)

From now on, between us, there will be cooperation. Within three weeks, no cats will settle on the west side of the yard. Visits will take place between us on a free and open basis.

JERRY

(Carter accent)

Mr. Cat, Mr. Bulldog, I am thrilled -- all animals everywhere I'm sure are thrilled -- at this proud moment in history.

TOM

My dear and great friend Jerry Mouse is a true Mouse of Peace.

SPIKE

He deserves the Nobel Prize.

JERRY

We all do.

TOM

Especially me.

The three of them embrace.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The three friends relaxing on the front porch.

NARRATOR (v.o.)

With the coming of peace to strife-torn
Elm Street, the quality of life took a
marked turn for the better.

(aside, quite pleased:)

Say! This is more like it! This is
the kind of material I should have had
all along!

(back to business)

But what of our other story? And what
the heck does it have to do with this
one?

INT. N.B.C. NEWSROOM

A rooster wearing glasses is seated at the anchor desk.

ANNOUNCER

In a moment, the weather report with
Dr. Frank Fieldmouse. But first, with
the top story of the day, here is
John Chanticleer.

JOHN CHANTICLEER looks at the T.V. camera.

JOHN

As the coronation approaches, the schedule
of Prince Puffy grows more and more crowded.
Tonight there will be a banquet in his
honor, with entertainment provided by many
top sports and show business celebrities
coming to pay tribute to the Prince of
Pogo Pogo ---

(stops, hearing something
in his ear from control room)

Huh?....Oh, I'm sorry, Pingo Pongo.

INT. BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

The big room is filled with GUESTS seated at tables, all in
formal dress. Animals of all kinds are there. the WAITERS are
all PENGUINS, moving deftly with trays from table to table.

At the head of the room is a long DAIS table with members of
the Pingo Pongo court. Seated in the center on a little ele-
vated chair is Prince Puffy. Lord Vultura is seated to his
right.

LORD VULTURA
Have you finished your dinner, Your Majesty?

PRINCE PUFFY
When we gonna have the show, Uncle?
When I gonna meet the football players?

LORD VULTURA
Just as soon as you have your milk.

A WAITER
Shall I bring---

LORD VULTURA
I'll get it. His Majesty likes his milk warmed to a certain temperature. No one else can be trusted to do it correctly.

He rises from his place and walks across the crowded floor toward the banquet hall kitchen. As he WALKS OUT OF FRAME:

NARRATOR (v.o.)
It was the chic-est party of the season.
Anyone who was anyone was there. All
of the social lions in town --

We SEE a table of formally dressed LIONS passing the champagne.

FIRST LION
. I'm having a roaring good time.

SECOND LION (FEMALE)
Don't be beastly, Leo.
(to a THIRD LION)
What's your sign, darling?

THIRD LION
Leo.

FIRST LION
Yes?

NARRATOR (v.o.)
And of course an event like this was
bound to attract the social butterfly ---

A LADY BUTTERFLY is seated at another table, chattering to her companions:

BUTTERFLY
Well, of course, I wouldn't stand for an insult like that. "You worm!" I said.

BUTTERFLY (cont'd)

"You caterpillar! I remember you before you crawled into your cocoon," I said --

NARRATOR (v.o.)

And of course, wherever the top level of society gathers, you'll always find plenty of W.A.S.P.S..

A table of WASPS who speak in very Wellesly/Amherst accents.

FIRST MALE WASP

Pass the salt, Hillary.

FIRST FEMALE WASP

Really, Nelson, it's bad for your blood pressure.

FIRST MALE WASP

I won't die from it.

(turns to SECOND FEMALE WASP on his right)

Tell me, Allison, have you seen The Sting?

SECOND FEMALE WASP

Seen it? I'm sitting on it, darling.

INT. BANQUET HALL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lord Vultura enters, a bit furtively, and looks around to see if he is being observed. There's nobody there.

Appropriate sneaky music as he walks to a big refrigerator, opens it, looks around to make sure he isn't being watched. He then pours a big glass half full of milk, reaches in his pocket and takes out a bottle.

INSERT: The label on the bottle reads XXX-100 Proof Vodka.

As he fills up the rest of the glass of milk with vodka, he lets loose one of his blood-curdling laughs. Then he turns TO CAMERA and speaks to the audience, in normal conversational tone:

LORD VULTURA

(to camera)

I'm sorry about that, I know it's blood-curdling. It's not that I want to curdle your blood, but I can't really help it. I come from a long line of blood-curdlers. Curdling your blood is in my blood, so to speak.

LORD VULTURA (cont'd)

(proudly)

I can trace some of my ancestors in the curdling line back to Death Valley. And before that to Transylvania! Ahhh, those were the days, my friends. Veins were jumpin' and the corpses were high. Nowadays, though, with all the violence on television and ten years of Sam Peckinpah movies, people are jaded. Blood means nothing anymore, not to mention blood-curdling. Still, I try, I try.....

He screws the cap back on the vodka bottle, puts it back in his pocket, puts the spiked glass of milk on a tray and starts back into the ballroom.

INT. BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

Lord Vultura puts the glass of milk in front of the Prince and then takes his seat.

PRINCE PUFFY

When the show gonna start?

LORD VULTURA

Drink your milk first.

PRINCE FLUFFY

I will! But I wanna see the football players!

LORD VULTURA

(trying to disguise
his impatience)

Very well. Let the show commence.

He rises in his seat and taps his wine glass with a knife to get attention. The glass cracks, spilling its contents on him.

WIPE DISSOLVE

The center of the room has been cleared for a playing area, like a nightclub floor.

NARRATOR (v.o.)

Sure, he wanted to see the football players. He's a kid. But that's not what grown-ups want to see when they go to the football games.

Music: some rah-rah theme.

With appropriate squeals, yelps and leaps, a CHORUS LINE OF NFL CHEERLEADER animals comes out -- sexy piglets, coltish colts and perhaps even one shapely octopus whose eight legs are a mini-chorus line of her own. They perform a number which is a combination cheer/disco/chorus line. Even the WASPS in the audience respond with cheers and applause.

Prince Puffy is delighted. He sips some of his milk. Lord Vultura's eyes twinkle with malice.

NARRATOR (v.o.)

Everybody knows you can't tell the players without a scorecard. But somebody forgot to get a scorecard. So they got the next-best thing: a scorekeeper.

A ref's whistle blows, and a moment later an NFL REFEREE -- naturally, he's a ZEBRA -- comes trotting out, holding his hooves up in the touchdown sign.

ZEBRA

In honor of Prince Puffy, we present:
the stars of the NFL:

(NOTE: Ideally, we should get real football stars from each of the teams featured to appear in this sequence, dressed and made-up as the appropriate animal. Any dialogue they might have, therefore, will be written later to suit the athlete.)

As the Zebra calls out each team, the player comes bounding out, bows to the Prince, and takes his place on an imaginary front line, getting down in position, so that by the end we have all the personnel "on stage."

ZEBRA

From the Baltimore Colts!

A COLT wearing the appropriate football uniform bounds out.

ZEBRA (cont'd)

From the Los Angeles Rams!

A RAM in uniform comes to the line.

ZEBRA (cont'd)

Representing the Cincinnati Bengals!

A TIGER in the Cincinnati colors leaps to the center.

ZEBRA (cont'd)

We regret to say that the representative
from the Miami Dolphins respectfully

ZEBRA (cont'd)
 declined the invitation to come tonight.
 He said he'd feel like a fish out of water.
 (pause)

And now, from the Philadelphia Eagles ---

An EAGLE in uniform flies out, joins the line.

ZEBRA (cont'd)
 From Mile-High Stadium and the Denver Broncos --

A BUCKING BRONCO charges out, almost knocking over a table.

ZEBRA (cont'd)
 And now, closer to home -- from the
 New York Giants ---

TWO ENORMOUS LEGS come clomping INTO FRAME. Whatever is above them is so big that every animal in the room has to look way, way up.

ZEBRA (cont'd)
 And, last of all ---

A tremendous gust of air comes whooshing through the banquet hall, blowing over tables and characters in its path, with a deafening noise.

PRINCE PUFFY
 (amazed)
 Who was that???

ZEBRA
 One of the Jets.

During the above, CROSS CUT from time to time to Lord Vultura, gently prodding the Prince to take another sip of milk. By now the milk is half drunk.

NARRATOR (v.o.)
Was the Prince having fun? I'll say!
He didn't even mind drinking his milk
for once.

WIPE DISSOLVE

NARRATOR (v.o.)
The entertainment went on and on ---

VOICE on LOUDSPEAKER
 In honor of the future King of Bingo Bango ---
 (some hurried whispers)
 Pingo Pongo, we present one of the
 original.....BEETLES!

The lights come up on RINGO STARR, dressed as a BEETLE (shell, antennae, etc.) He does a song and plays drums.

(Note: Obviously the opportunities for other guest star turns can come in this section, whether of a musical or athletic nature, or whatever.)

By the end of the entertainment, we SEE that Prince Puffy has drained his vodka-and-milk and is looking pretty happy in a pretty woozy way. In fact, he's blotto. As the Ringo number ends:

C.U. PRINCE PUFFY. He hiccups so loudly that it causes him to go about two feet straight up in the air.

C.U. LORD VULTURA -- Smiling a smile that would freeze the marrow in your bones.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sound: a toilet is flushing.

A second later the john-elevator drops into sight. Lord Vultura gets off, enters the boiler room.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

A number of open cans of gold paint and gold dye are about, with gold-spattered paint brushes nearby.

LORD VULTURA
How is he?

From inside the bathroom, the sound of a blow-dryer is heard.

KOOK (o.s.)
(from inside)
Three o'clock! Cuckoo! Cuck--

LORD VULTURA
I said, "How is he?"

KOOK (o.s.)
Almost dry, boss.

Lord Vultura opens the bathroom door.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kook is wielding a blow-dryer, drying a remarkably transformed Bertram. He is now completely gold and looks exactly like the Prince. Exactly.

LORD VULTURA
(delighted with the result)
It's remarkable! His own mother
wouldn't know the difference.

KOOK
I had a mother once. She left when I
hatched.

LORD VULTURA
I wonder why.
(to Bertram)
Now listen, from this moment on, you
talk like Puffy, walk like Puffy, do
everything like Puffy. Got it?

BERTRAM
(in Puffy voice)
I be good, Uncle. I promise.
(back to his own crude,
tough, voice)
When do we make the switch?

LORD VULTURA
He's in bed now. As soon as you're ready,
we'll do it.

BERTRAM
I'm dry.

Lord Vultura hauls that big valise out of the corner, opens
it (the same one he smuggled Bertram in with)

LORD VULTURA
Get in.

BERTRAM
What if he wakes up and makes noise?

LORD VULTURA
Wakes up? He won't wake up at least
until tomorrow, I've seen to that! And
when he does he'll have such a hangover,
he'll wish he had stayed asleep.
(as Bertram climbs in valise)
By then the world will think you are the
Prince, and the real Prince will be my
prisoner.

He laughs his horrible laugh. Bertram shudders with distaste,
and looks curiously at Kook.

BERTRAM
(to Kook)
You been with him a long time?

KOOK
(completely bonkers)
Who me? Me who? With who? Who with?

BERTRAM
(his suspicions confirmed)
Yeah, you been with him a long time
(to Lord Vultura)
Okay, let's get this show on the road.

Lord Vultura closes the suitcase, lifts it, and exits the room.

INT. ROYAL SUITE - NIGHT

Prince Puffy is nestled -- passed out, is more like it -- in his royal nest. Dead to the world, but the effects of the spiked drink are still with him. As the curtains blow gently by the half-opened window across the room, the Prince, in a most un-regal manner, hiccups.

The effect of such a big hiccup on such a little bird is to pop him up in the air. He lands gently on his feet in the classic sleepwalking position -- arms outstretched, eyes shut. He walks to the end of the nest. "Hiccup!"

This hiccup makes him lurch into the air again. He lands on a wheeled serving cart. He continues to sleepwalk across the glass top, unconsciously scattering cups and glasses, as the cart rolls gently to the window.

"Hiccup!" The Prince pops over the ledge and out the window.

EXT. RITZ WALDORF HOTEL - NIGHT

Floating light as a feather, still sleepwalking, Prince Puffy falls toward the distant pavement.

ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE HOTEL, where a flagless flag pole sticks out, horizontal to the building. The Prince lands squarely on the golden ball. His weight presses it down and --

Boing-ggg! (and another "Hiccup!"). He shoots up into the sky in a graceful parabola, still walking, still sleeping.

ON A NEARBY SITE -- A night CREW OF WORKERS (BADGERS, MOLES, BEAVERS AND OTHER WORKER ANIMALS) is working on the contruction of a new skyscraper. At this stage, only the skeleton of the building (connected girders and flooring) is up.

As the Prince reaches the apex of his parabola, a girder

hoists into view on pulley rope. Without missing a beat, he steps onto the swaying girder and continues sleepwalking along its length.

The edge of the skeleton building comes into view as the girder swings softly in towards it and touches down just as Prince Puffy steps onto a fixed girder.

FURTHER INSIDE the skeleton of the skyscraper. He sleepwalks directly toward an operating blow torch as a WORKER is busy with a jack-hammer riveter.

"Hiccup!" He pops over the flame and continues towards an open elevator shaft. Just as he steps off into the open shaft, the service elevator providently moves gently up under him. He walks on across the top of it as it shoots up and comes to a stop at the top of the building at the same moment as he completes the traverse of its roof. He walks unconcernedly across the farther edge.

ON THE CABIN OF A GIANT CRANE -- Prince Puffy sleepwalks in. He hiccups and lands feet first on the "Down" button, on the dashboard.

He walks out onto the crane as it is gently lowered to the bottom of the excavation, stepping off just as it touches terra firma.

A huge pipe is sticking out of the earth. With a "Hiccup!" he sleepwalks right into it. The sound of his echoing "Hiccups" recede into the distance.

EXT. STREET, CITY - NIGHT

On a city street, one of those street elevators rises to the surface as its metal doors part. There is the still sleepwalking Prince. He steps serenely off and out into the street, magically avoiding oncoming trucks and busses at this late hour.

FURTHER DOWN THE STREET -- A CITY CREW is painting a police blue line down the center of the street, using one of those automatic line-painting machines that lays a continuous wide ribbon of paint down the pavement.

Sleepwalking, Prince Puffy walks across the fresh-painted line and continues onto the next lane, leaving hundreds of little blue claw prints all over the "clean" road.

ON MORE WORKMEN painting nearby wooden "horses" the same light blue, using spray guns attached to paint canisters. One WORKER (WEASEL) turns, sees the footprints all over the pavement.

WEASEL WORKER
(furious)

Hey! Hey, you, look what you done!

Prince Puffy, oblivious, walks on.

Enraged, the Weasel abandons his task, grabs his spray gun and runs after him. He opens fire with his gun and sprays the sleeping Prince a delicate shade of blue. The gold bird is now a blue bird. He keeps spraying him.

As the Prince walks on, PAN TO A SEWER ON THE CORNER.

A SEWER RAT pops his head out of the grill and watches for a while. Then, with a shrug, he pops down to his grimy home again.

FURTHER DOWN the road ---- TWO POLICE LEGS IN F.G OF FRAME as the Prince walks between them. The blue spray jet moves up thoroughly staining and soaking the PIG POLICEMAN.

The mood is a la Laurel and Hardy. To wit: once having committed himself to this task of spraying the cop, the Weasel might as well do a good job of it. Like Laurel, he continues to spray the guardian of the law, carefully going over spots he missed.

The PIG POLICEMAN, an Oliver Hardy type, wordlessly reaches over and turns the spray gun off. He then takes it from the Weasel, betraying no anger, no emotion. He takes the Weasel's hand in his. Then, like somebody giving a manicure, he sprays his fingers carefully, one at a time.

Another POLICEMAN (BULL) Comes over.

SECOND COP
What's goin' on here?

FIRST COP
(now maniacally committed
to it, as well)
A fresh coat of paint is goin' on here.

And with that, he turns the spray gun on his partner.

OTHERS RUSH OVER as the cop yells his protest, all armed with spray guns. A melee begins, blue paint covering everything that moves.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR, OUTSIDE ROYAL SUITE

The SECRET SERVICE GUARDS stand outside the double doors as Lord Vultura comes around the corner, carrying the valise.

SECRET SERVICE BIRD
Halt! No one is allowed to --
(sees who it is)
Oh.

LORD VULTURA
Yes, "Oh." Is he resting comfortably?

SECRET SERVICE BIRD
Like an egg in his nest.

LORD VULTURA
Well, I've got to collect some things.
I'll be about five minutes.

He enters Royal Suite, closes the door behind him.

He drops the valise.

BERTRAM (v.o.)
(from inside)
Hey!

LORD VULTURA
Shhh!

He looks across the room at the nest. All is silent. He opens the valise. Bertram climbs out, all bent over from his cramped position. As he straightens up, his joints crack.

LORD VULTURA
Shhhhhh!

FOLLOW HIM TO THE BED -- He pulls back the cover gently.

C.U. LORD VULTURA -- As he reacts to the empty nest, an incredible series of phenomena occur:

1. His eyeballs bulge, spring out of his head, and drop to the floor.
2. Choking sounds come from his gullet.
3. The top of his head forms into the crater of a volcano.
4. Sparks and flames shoot out of it.

BERTRAM
(casually)
Somethin' the matter?

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE (TOM AND JERRY'S) - NIGHT

Prince Puffy, still sleepwalking, comes down the road to Tom and Jerry's house, then crosses the lawn.

NARRATOR (v.o.)

Wait a minute, wait a minute, this place looks familiar! Hey, you know what I think? No, wait, let me see if I'm right before I tell you ----

He marches right up onto the porch and right in through the cat door (the little door that allows for pets to go in and out).

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Just one soft night light burns, as Tom slumbers peacefully on his pillow. Prince Puffy walks directly up to Tom's basket, climbs in, lays down, curls up and nestles against Tom, punching and prodding him like a pillow to get a comfortable shape. Tom stirs in his sleep.

"Hiccup!" It's so loud that it wakes Tom, who abruptly sits up. He puts his hand to his mouth. Did he hiccup? He gets up, walks into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tom looks in the mirror. He pushes his stomach in. No sign of a hiccup. He shrugs, turns off the light, goes out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Back to his basket. He still doesn't see Prince Puffy. In fact, he lays down on him.

"Hiccup!" This one sends Tom straight up in the air. Really alarmed now, he dashes into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

He sloshes down some Alka-Seltzer. He takes down a bottle from the top shelf of the medicine cabinet, looks at it disapprovingly.

C.U. THE BOTTLE -- a fifth, with the label Old Catnip-86 Proof. He tosses it in the garbage can.

TOM

Never again.

INT. - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He comes back to his basket. The Prince is no longer there.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Prince Puffy sleepwalks right to Jerry's bed and climbs in beside the sleeping mouse.

NARRATOR (v.o.)

Aha! So that's the connection!
I knew Tom and Jerry would get into
this story!

INT. BOILER ROOM HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Lord Vultura is freaking out, raving hysterically as Kook and Bertram look on.

LORD VULTURA

Call the police!

Kook starts for the phone. Lord Vultura yanks him back.

LORD VULTURA

No! Don't call the police! What do they know about kidnapping? Call the F.B.I.!

Kook starts for the phone. Lord Vultura yanks him back.

LORD VULTURA

No! Don't call the F.B.I.! We don't want them nosing around! They'll turn this into an international incident and --- Wait! Interpol! That's it! Call Interpol!

Kook, whose neck is pretty sore from being yanked back and forth, takes a tentative step toward the phone, then pauses.

BERTRAM

I wouldn't try it if I was you, pal.

LORD VULTURA

(screaming)

Call Interpol, I said!

Kook starts for the phone. Lord Vultura yanks him back.

LORD VULTURA

No! Don't call Interpol!

BERTRAM

See?

LORD VULTURA

Don't call any law enforcement agencies, you idiot! What if they get wind of our plans? We'll lose everything! All the planning, all the risks, and now you want us to lose it all just because some lousy kidnapers ----

He is pummeling Kook's head against a wall now.

LORD VULTURA

Wait a minute? Why say he's kidnapped?
Maybe he just ran off! Yes! You idiot!
We can't alert the authorities! After all,
he was drunk, wasn't he?! He probably
didn't know what he was doing? Right?
Answer me!

BERTRAM

(cooly)

I think he's unconscious, hey.

Lord Vultura lets go of Kook, who slides down into a heap
at his feet.

LORD VULTURA

(somehow, this just makes
him angrier)

Look at him! Laying down on the job!

(railing, yelling)

I'm right, aren't I? He was drunk. He
probably didn't know what he was doing!
Where could he go? How far could he get?
He doesn't know the city! Right? Right!
How hard could it be to find a golden
Puff Puff bird? It's not like the streets
were crawling with golden Puff Puff birds!

KOOK

(coming to, cockeyed, dizzy)

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

LORD VULTURA

I've got it! Who really knows what's
happening in a big city? The cops?
The goody-goodies? NO! The underworld!
The denizens of the deep! The scum of
the earth! My kind of people!

(yanks Kook upright)

Spread the word. Tell them we're offering
a big reward. Tell them to spread it
through the grapevine. Nose it around.
Sniff it out. Are you getting all this?

KOOK

(blearily)

Am I getting all this?

LORD VULTURA

(convinced his plan is great)

They'll find him, the criminal element.
Who else can you trust? When they hear

LORD VULTURA (cont'd)
about the reward money, they'll come
crawling out of every sewer and rat
hole in town.

(to Kook)
What are you waiting for? Spread the
word! Go!

He picks him up and heaves him out the door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Kook stands by a sewer, calls down.

KOOK
Hey!

A RAT, but not the same one we saw before, pops up. This is
an older one.

RAT
Yeah?

Kook whispers to him. The Rat nods, scurries off.

INT. SEWER - NIGHT

The Rat runs along, stops, taps on a rusty pipe. A SNAKE
slithers out of it. The rat whispers to him.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

One gruesome-looking BAT whispers to ANOTHER BAT.

(WIPES between each of these vignettes)

INT. SLUM BUILDING - NIGHT

A big spider web. A horrible SPIDER is about to kill a FLY.

FLY
Wait! Listen....

He whispers to the Spider.

INT. A WATERFRONT DIVE - NIGHT

A sneaky-looking FERRET slides inside, goes over to the bar.

FERRET
Psssst.

The bartender comes over. It is a very tough OCTOPUS. Four
of his arms are in slings.

The Ferret whispers to him.

INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

The morning sun shines through the windows. An astonished Jerry is looking at the light blue bird sitting next to him in bed.

NARRATOR (v.o.)

Was Jerry surprised when he woke up
in the morning? Is the Pope Catholic?
Does a bear ---

(catching himself)

-- er...skip in the woods?

JERRY

Who are you? How did you get here?
Where did you come from?

PRINCE PUFFY

(horribly hungover)

Too many questions. Hurt my head.
(he groans)

JERRY

Are you okay?

PRINCE PUFFY

Head feels like a battlefield.

INSERT: The top of the Prince's head becomes transparent and we SEE cannons firing, troops marching, finally a mushroom cloud inside it.

PRINCE PUFFY

Mouth feels like a desert.

INSERT: The lower part of the Prince's head becomes transparent and we SEE sand dunes, the pyramids, camels walking inside it.

PRINCE PUFFY

Where am I?

JERRY

(concerned for him)

In my house.

PRINCE PUFFY

How I got here?

JERRY

You're asking me?

PRINCE PUFFY
I don't know. You don't know.
(he looks out at the
AUDIENCE)
Do anybody know?

NARRATOR (v.o.)
I do, but why should I tell?

JERRY
Do you live around here?

Prince Puffy goes to the front door, opens it, peers out at the lawn and yard.

PRINCE PUFFY
No. Is nice around here. Trees!
Grass! Flowers!

JERRY
I get it. You ran away from the city.
Just like me.

PRINCE PUFFY
I'm like you.

JERRY
But, hey, what about your parents?
They'll be worried about you.

PRINCE PUFFY
Got no parents.

JERRY
(touched)
No mother? No father?

PRINCE PUFFY
That is parents and I got none of them.

JERRY
Poor little fella. All alone in the world.
Haven't you got any friends?

PRINCE PUFFY
You nice. I like you.

Jerry blushes bright pink.

JERRY
Aw, gee....

PRINCE PUFFY
I can stay here with you?

JERRY

Huh?

(thinks it over)

You sure you've got no place to go?

PRINCE PUFFY

I like this place. This is nice place.

He wanders out the mouse hole into the living room, looking around.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

C.U. TOM, dozing. He opens one eye. We SEE the reflection of the Prince in that eye.

A "thought balloon" appears over Tom's head: a roast bird with all the trimmings.

ON THE PRINCE, looking around. Suddenly Tom jumps INTO FRAME, a napkin tied around his neck, a carving knife and fork in his hands, his tongue hanging out greedily. As he is about to strike, Jerry rushes INTO FRAME, holds up a STOP sign.

JERRY

STOP!

PRINCE PUFFY

(sees the knife for
the first time)

Yipes!

TOM

Hey!

JERRY

Don't you touch a feather of his head!

TOM

The heck I won't!

JERRY

Over my dead body you will!

TOM

If that's the way you want it ---

He raises the carving knife. Jerry suddenly produces the Peace Treaty.

TOM

Hey, that ain't fair! His name ain't on it.

JERRY
(thinking fast)
He's my ally. We have a separate alliance.

TOM
A who?

JERRY
A mutual defense treaty. If either of us
is attacked the other one comes to his aid.

TOM
(contemptuously)
Oh yeah? Let's see how he lives up to his
side of the bargain.

He grabs Jerry around the neck. A split-second later, the
massive paw of Spike DARTS INTO FRAME and grabs Tom around
his neck, lifting him off the ground. Tom drops Jerry and
starts to turn the same color blue as the bird.

SPIKE
What seems to be da trouble here?

JERRY
He was going to eat him.

SPIKE
What're you, a pig or a cat? Eatin'
boids! Disgustin'.
(he drops Tom)
Who's the little guy?

PRINCE PUFFY
(instantly likes Spike)
You nice doggie.

SPIKE
(blushing)
Awww, he's just a little kid.
Where'd he come from?

JERRY
I don't know. He just dropped out
of the blue.

SPIKE
Boids tend to do that.

JERRY
He's all alone in the world. He's
got nobody to look after him.

SPIKE

He does now.

(pats him)

How's my boy, eh?

PRINCE PUFFY

I wanna have fun.

TOM

(feeling deprived,
acting surly)

He even talks funny.

JERRY

He must be from another country. The poor thing was probably flying south and he fell behind the rest of the flock.

SPIKE

How d'ya like the good old USA, sonny?

PRINCE PUFFY

Nice.

JERRY

You've got to admit, Tom, he's got one swell disposition.

TOM

(pissed off)

Yeahhhh.....

SPIKE

Don't you like boids?

TOM

Sure, Southern Fried.

SPIKE

Let's make 'im feel right at home.

(to Prince)

What d'ya wanna do? You wanna play Hide and Seek? Ringolevio? Tie a Can to the Cat's Tail?

TOM

Very funny, very funny....

PRINCE PUFFY

Baseball!

JERRY

You want to play baseball?

PRINCE PUFFY

I wanna see baseball. American baseball.

JERRY

You've never seen a baseball game??

TOM

What a jerk....

SPIKE

Hey! Today's de All-Star Game! We can take him dere!

JERRY

Terrific!

(to Prince)

How does that sound to you?

PRINCE PUFFY

Sound great!

(pause)

What's a All-Star Game?

INT. BOILER ROOM HIDEOUT - DAY

NARRATOR (v.o.)

Meanwhile ---

(annoyed)

Oh, here we go with the "meanwhiles" again.

Lord Vultura is completely hysterical, and taking out all his frustrations, as usual, on Kook, who by now is showing the results of all this pummeling. As Lord Vultura punctuates the following tirade by rhythmically pounding the hapless aide's head against the wall, springs and stuffing start to fly out of Kook's head, his eyeballs rattle around like loose marbles, and little birds and stars -- fondly remembered from comic books -- begin to circle about his head, denoting a state of semi-consciousness. Bertram watches idly, playing solitaire.

LORD VULTURA

Idiot! Why not call the police? Why not call the F.B.I.? They know how to find missing animals, don't they?! Don't they?! What's the difference who brings him back? Once we get him, we proceed with our plan! Get everybody in the city to look for him! Call the press! Call the television! Sound the alarm! Once they hear the word "reward," they'll jump right in! Why depend on crooks to find him? Crooks means crooked! Not to be trusted! They'll try to squeeze every last nickel out of me! How could you do this to me? Can't I trust anybody?

Kook's unconscious form slides to the floor, once again.

LORD VULTURA

That's it! Make me do all the work!

(martyred)

Well, as usual, if I want something done right, I've got to do it myself.

(he begins flailing away

at the birds and stars who

circle Kook's head)

Get these birds and stars out of here!

Shoo! Shoo!

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

A banner reads ALL STAR GAME.

INT. BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

(Note: the following "missing sequence" is still in-work. As Chuck Jones has some ideas about how to design this baseball game section, having worked on similar notions in the past, he is presently trying out some ideas along lines mutually discussed. At a later point, it can be slotted right in, as except for the plot point detailed below, the section is an independent one in that it exists outside the story per se, functioning almost like a "number" on it's own.

Suffice it to say that it will be a baseball game in which various All-Star ANIMALS (Detroit Tiger, Chicago Cub) and other animals play a parody of the game employing their special characteristics (a dachshund can take a long lead off first base -- in fact, his back paws are on first and his front paws on second). There will be a BAT BOY who is a real bat, an UMPIRE who is an Ostrich with his head buried in the sand yet feels perfectly sanguine about making calls, a smart-guy Sports Announcer who will give us the play-by-play, and a variety of amazing hits and pitches (screwball, duster, spitter, hot grounder, high pop) which become quite literal.

The entire section will have the feel of those wonderful old Goofy "HOW TO PLAY (SPORT)" cartoons.

At various points in the game, we will SEE Prince Puffy, Tom, Jerry and Spike in the stands. And a very specific point:

ON THEM -- Cheering a home run.

ON AN AREA ACROSS THE FIELD -- Seated in the opposite grandstand is the Sewer Rat we saw earlier, the one who watched Puffy get sprayed blue. He lifts his binoculars, looks across:

POV, THROUGH THE BINOCULARS -- TIGHT ON PRINCE PUFFY. As he raises one wing to cheer the team, ZOOM IN on an area of feathers under his wing that the spray gun missed. The little patch is bright gold.

C.U. THE SEWER RAT -- Nods with great interest, gets up and rushes out of the stadium.

EXT. TOM AND JERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tom, Jerry, Spike and Prince Puffy return from the ball game. The little Prince is still excited by what he's seen and is jumping around, pretending to bat, to catch, to run, etc. As they enter the house, PAN ACROSS THE STREET to a sewer on the opposite corner.

The Sewer Rat pops up through the grid, looks at them through his binoculars.

INT. BOILER ROOM HIDE OUT - DAY

Lord Vultura is talking on the phone excitedly, as Kook and Bertram look on.

LORD VULTURA

Who? Just Ratso, that's your whole name?

(aside)

These Americans are crazy.....What? Are you sure?

(getting excited)

How many with him? A cat, a mouse and a dog?....Oh, a big dog.....Yes, I guarantee the reward, of course I do, it'll be all over the newspapers and the television today. I already gave an interview to the television people..... It's five thous---what??!!

(angry)

What are you doing, trying to break my beak?! How do I know you're telling the truth anyway?

(lachrymose)

We're only a small, poor island republic... All right, all right, eight thousand, that's my limit.....What do you mean, it's not your limit?!

(choleric)

Ten thousand dollars!! That's robbery!First I want proof it's really the Prince. ...You really are a dirty rat, aren't you....Look, be careful, don't take chances. You can't do it alone, you're just one animal....Yes, better take a couple of gorillas with you.

LORD VULTURA (cont'd)
(he hangs up)

Got him!

INT. TOM AND JERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

IN THE LIVING ROOM, the Prince is still excited about the game.

PRINCE PUFFY
Home run! Three strike! Safe and out!

JERRY
(fondly)
I guess he's become a fan.

PRINCE PUFFY
I gonna be baseball player! I catch
ball up in air!

He leaps in the air, falls on his behind.

TOM
(still resentful)
Some bird. Can't even fly.

ON PRINCE PUFFY -- Running about in his exuberance, he turns the corner and sees a piano in the adjoining room.

PRINCE PUFFY
Piano!

TOM
I suppose you can do that, too...

PRINCE PUFFY
Sure! I play good!

He jumps up on the piano stool, starts to play the first notes of that simple piece we heard him practicing earlier.

JERRY
Hey! He really can play!

The Prince gets to the part where he always hits the sour note. Once again, he makes the mistake. It sounds awful.

TOM
He plays piano like he flies.

JERRY
You made a mistake there. It should
be da-da-da-dee-da-dum.

PRINCE PUFFY

I try again.

He makes the same mistake.

JERRY

Still wrong.

PRINCE PUFFY

I always make the same mistake. Is difficult.

JERRY

Well, that's enough for you. You've had a long day. Time to get ready for bed.

PRINCE PUFFY

(adamant as only an 8 year old can be)

Not sleepy.

SPIKE

(who is; yawning)

You're not sleepy?

PRINCE PUFFY

Long time ago when I had real papa, he tell me story at night.

JERRY

(unused to the parental role)

But---

PRINCE PUFFY

(adorably persuasive)

Please, you tell me story.....?

JERRY

Well....okay. But right after you got to go to bed, okay?

The Prince nods happily and hops up on the sofa. Jerry sits next to him as the little bird snuggles close. Tom and Spike, the former looking annoyed, sit and listen, too.

CAMERA MOVES INTO C.U. JERRY, FOCUS SOFTENS, QUIVERS AS FANTASY SEQUENCE BEGINS:

JERRY

Once upon a time.....

We now go into a FANTASY SEQUENCE which is an exact reversal of the famous one in Anchors Aweigh. It will be recalled that the film featured a celebrated number in which Gene Kelly, telling a bedtime story to a little boy, became the hero of

a fairy tale in which Kelly danced with Jerry Mouse, who was animated in a cartoon. Our story here will be the exact opposite. The same tale and the same song (ideally) but this time it is Jerry Mouse who is live-action, and the Gene Kelly figure will be an animated drawing.

As the song-and-dance story comes to an end, EFFECTS take us back into the living room. Prince Puffy seems to have fallen asleep next to Jerry.

JERRY

And they all lived happily ever after...
Did you like that story?

(looks down, sees he is asleep)

Oh, look, he's fast---

PRINCE PUFFY

(suddenly sits up, opens eyes)

Tell another one!

Everybody laughs in surprise.

EXT. TOM AND JERRY'S HOUSE, STREET - DUSK

A dark and shabby van cruises slowly down the street, coming toward Tom and Jerry's house. Seated in the cab we see RATSO, the Sewer Rat. With him are the Two Gorillas, who are TWO GORILLAS.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

JERRY

Now it's really your bedtime. Go in
and wash your face and brush your...
er...beak. C'mon now...

Reluctantly, Prince Puffy gets up and leaves the room.

SPIKE

(fondly)

Great little guy, ain't he? I can just
see him in a baseball uniform.

TOM

I can just see him in a frying pan.

JERRY

Let's see if there's anything about the
game on.

He switches on the T.V. set.

ON THE T.V. a commercial is ending:

ANNOUNCER (commercial)
And that's why 8 out of 10 veterinarians
recommend --

Suddenly Walter Croncat, looking grim and troubled, appears
on T.V. SCREEN:

WALTER
We interrupt this program to bring you
this bulletin just handed to me. The
Prince of Pango Pango --
(correcting himself)
-- make that Pingo Pongo -- has disappeared!
Prince Puffy, the only golden Puff Puff
Bird in the world, soon to be crowned King
of his island nation, has disappeared
from his hotel suite at the Ritz Waldorf.
According to his uncle, the Acting Regent ---

Lord Vultura appears on screen, looking distraught.

LORD VULTURA
We don't know what to do. He's not the
sort of bird to give us the bird. Please,
if anyone has any information, we are
prepared to offer a reward of five thousand
dollars for the return of Prince Puffy.
(poor-mouthing)
You know, we're just a poor little island
country.

TOM
(watching T.V.)
Five thousand clams!

LORD VULTURA
(on the T.V.)
No, five thousand dollars. We don't have
that many clams, we're just a poor little
island country.

WALTER
Anyone with information regarding the
missing Prince---

A PHOTOGRAPH OF PRINCE PUFFY APPEARS ON THE T.V. SCREEN.

WALTER (cont'd)
--- please contact the F.B.I. immediately.

INT. JERRY'S BATHROOM - EVENING

Prince Puffy is washing his face as Jerry told him to. As
he washes, the blue paint comes off, revealing the golden
bird beneath.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

JERRY

Gee, that Prince looks familiar.

SPIKE

Yeah, but I ain't never seen a gold boid
in my life.

Prince Puffy appears in the doorway behind them. His face
is now completely golden. They don't as yet see him.

PRINCE PUFFY

Good night.

TOM, JERRY AND SPIKE

'Night.

They turn momentarily and then the three of them do a simultaneous, synchronized double take that would put the Rockettes to shame. Six eyeballs leap out, three tongues hit the ground, three animals leap straight up, fur spiked, every limb aquiver.

FAST CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tom, Jerry and Spike have Prince Puffy in the bathtub. The three of them are scrubbing him with frantic urgency. He squeals in protest -- no kid likes to be bathed -- to no avail. All the blue paint washes off, revealing the pure gold color.

The three of them drop to their knees, bow their heads.

TOM, JERRY AND SPIKE

(in awe-struck, reverent
tones)

Your Majesty.

PRINCE PUFFY

Aw, nuts.

EXT. HOUSE, STREET - NIGHT

The van stops. Ratso and the Two Gorillas get out.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

JERRY

Prince Puffy, don't you know the whole
world is looking for you?

PRINCE PUFFY

(annoyed at being found out)

Why? I no look for them.

JERRY
You're going to be the King.

PRINCE PUFFY
Don't wanna be King. Wanna be baseball player.

TOM
(frantically agitated)
We got to get him back to the rewar---
the hotel.

PRINCE PUFFY
No! Wanna stay here!
(he sneezes loudly)

Tom leaps to him with a towel, wraps him quickly, hugs him protectively, suddenly extremely solicitous of this bird who moments before he considered frying in a pan.

TOM
(hysterical)
He's cold! He's catching a cold! He'll get pneumonia and die and they won't pay off for a dead bird! Don't die, pal, don't die!
(he rubs him urgently)

JERRY
Tom's right, he'll catch cold standing here.
(to Prince Puffy)
Got get those pajamas on my bed and put them on.
(gulps, suddenly feels the paternal tone is not respectful enough)
...Your Highness.

PRINCE PUFFY hops out of the tub, towel wrapped around him, and leaves the room.

JERRY
We'd better call the police.

TOM
(quickly)
No! They'll try to claim the mon ---
(trying to disguise his real interest)
I mean, we can bring him back ourselves, can't we?

ON JERRY, considering it.

JERRY

It would be exciting.....

A "thought balloon" appears over his head: In it, Lord Vultura is shaking Jerry's hand, overflowing with gratitude.

ON SPIKE, thinking about it.

SPIKE

It would be somethin' all right....

A "thought balloon" appears over his head: In it Lord Vultura pins a medal on Spike's proud chest.

ON TOM, an expression of pure greed.

TOM

It would be more than that....

A "thought balloon" appears over his head: In it, Pussy Cat appears with the rich Tom in a quick reprise of his fantasy.

EXT. LAWN, TOM AND JERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ratso and the Two Gorillas creep across the lawn.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JERRY

Okay, here's what we'll do. We'll call the hotel and ask to be connected to his uncle. Then they'll send a car here to pick him up and ---

TOM

Tell them large bills are okay, it doesn't have to be small bills. But no checks.

SPIKE

Might as well let the little guy get some sleep till they get here. He's so tuckered out, he'll ---

Suddenly, from off-screen:

PRINCE PUFFY (o.s.)

HELP!!!! HELP!!!! HELP!!!!

They race to the door, fling it open, run outside.

EXT. LAWN - NIGHT.

Ratso and the Two Gorillas are dragging a screaming and kicking Prince Puffy into the van.

Tom, Jerry and Spike come charging at them.

The First Gorilla stands his ground. As Tom and Jerry come into range, the ape's two massive fists come up like pistons and connect with the faces of the cat and the mouse. The result is that their features are flattened to resemble nothing so much as two more gorilla faces.

Spike leaps at the Second Gorilla and fastens his teeth in his leg. The Second Gorilla looks down at him, amused.

SECOND GORILLA

This guy don't know what happened
to Fay Wray, I guess.

With that he kicks straight up. Spike loses his grip and goes flying across the yard. He lands in a perfect swish shot right in the basketball net hung over the garage door.

The Two Gorillas "slap five" like basketball team-mates, congratulating each other on a good shot.

Ratso is shoving the Prince into the van. LONG SHOT looking down the driveway. Jerry is racing toward the van, Tom and Jerry some yards behind him.

The First Gorilla grabs Jerry as he reaches him, rolls him up like a ball and flings him down the driveway like a bowler throwing a bowling ball.

Jerry, the bowling ball, strikes Tom and Spike, who fall like tenpins with appropriate sound effects.

The van rides away, the little Prince still howling inside.

JERRY

(distraught)

They got the Prince!

TOM

(upset for his reasons)

They got the reward!

SPIKE

Maybe they was the F.B.I.

JERRY

The F.B.I.? In a van?

SPIKE

The C.I.A.....?

JERRY

(despondent)

You heard the way he called for help.
Whoever they are, they're not on his
side.

TOM

(sarcastically)

Well, nice going, guys. You two really
did a swell job protecting our interests.

SPIKE

We did a nice job! What about you?!

TOM

(bravado)

Are you kiddin'? I hit that gorilla
so hard, he....he....

(runs out of steam,
admitting defeat.

aw, phooey.....

SPIKE

What'll we do, Jer?

JERRY

We'd better call the police.

TOM

The police! If they get him back,
then they'll get the reward!

JERRY

(fed up)

"Reward, reward." I'm sick of this
money business. Of all the greedy cats!
Our friend is in mortal danger and
all you care about it --

TOM

(howls tragically)

It ain't fair! We had him first!
(sobs pitifully)

JERRY

Wait a minute! What are we worrying for?
Whoever they are, all they want is the
reward money, and they'll have to bring
him back safe and sound to get it, right?

TOM

(deviously)

Wrong! Look how they snatched him.
They don't have his best interests at
heart --

(piously)

--- like we did. They were rough cus-
tomers. They won't think twice about
hurting him.

Spike begins to growl ominously.

TOM (cont'd)

They'll probably torture him just for
fun. You know about bad guys, doncha?
They're bad guys! They'll hold him for
ransom. Then they'll ask for double.
Then triple. Then after they get it,
they bump him off! It happens all the time.

JERRY

(now convinced, worried)

Gee.....

TOM

How do you know it won't happen?

JERRY

Tom's right.

TOM

Finally!

JERRY

It's up to us. We're the only ones who
know who to look for. They must be
heading for the city. I know the city.
I've got friends there, old contacts ---

SPIKE

Me, too.

TOM

If we get all our friends to help ---

JERRY

We'll find the Prince.

SPIKE

(enthused again)

We'll rescue him!

JERRY
(the spirit is catching)
We'll be heroes!

TOM
Rich heroes!

They join hands in the well-known pose:

JERRY
(exuberant with team spirit)
The three of us working together!
Nothing can stop us!

ON SPIKE -- A "thought balloon" appears over his head, showing him in the costume of one of the Three Musketeers.

SPIKE
Together!

ON JERRY -- A "thought balloon" appears over his head, showing him in a costume of one of the Three Musketeers.

JERRY
All for one ---

ON TOM - His "thought balloon" shows that he's got a one-track mind; it's a picture of that sexy cat again.

TOM
--- and all for me!

Spike scowls as he looks up and sees what's in Tom's balloon.

SPIKE
Hey! What's dat?

TOM
Ooops! Sorry.

The picture of Pussy is replaced by one of Tom in Three Musketeers garb.

TOM
And one for all!

INT. OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY

CAMERA TRACKS SLOWLY DOWN THE CORRIDOR OF A RATHER SHABBY OFFICE BUILDING TOWARD THE FROSTED GLASS DOOR OF AN OFFICE.

NARRATOR (v.o.)

When they got to the city, the boys
got in touch with a lot of old cronies.
They asked questions, they gave descriptions,
they called in some old favors.....

(aside, pleased)

Pretty authentic-sounding, huh? If there
are any producers out there casting a cop
picture, I'm available just as soon as
this thing's over.

CAMERA NOW TRACKS TO THE DOOR. WE READ THE NAME PAINTED ON
THE GLASS:

Sam Spayed

Private Investigator

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Spike is SEEN talking to a bloodhound in a trenchcoat, SAM
SPAYED.

EXT. STREET - DAY

TIGHT ON SAM SPAYED, talking to a bunch of STREET DOGS.
CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL they are grouped around the base
of a tree.

INT. FIREHOUSE - DAY

SAM SPAYED talking to a DALMATION who is perched on a fire
engine.

INT. PARK AVE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Dalmation, sipping a cognac, is whispering to a FANCY
POODLE.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

Tom is seen talking to some ALLEY CATS.

INT. RESTAURANT, NEAR GENTS' ROOM

One of the Alley Cats approaches the room marked GENTS'. He
enters. As the door swings open, we SEE a number of CATS
standing on a floor covered with Kitty Litter. There are
not bathroom fixtures.

He says something to one of the cats, who nods, listening.

INT. LEATHER BAR - NIGHT

Another one of the Alley Cats enters a leather bar. He goes over to a CAT OF NINE TAILS -- a rough-looking macho cat in S&M gear who has nine tails instead of the usual one.

The CAT OF NINE TAILS nods, and turns away. As he does so, his nine tails strike the back of a fluffy ANGORA CAT standing at the bar.

The ANGORA purrs with delight.

INT. T.V. STUDIO - DAY

The Angora Cat is checking make-up at a mirror.

OFF-SCREEN CALL
Ready on the set, please!

WIPE DISSOLVE

The Angora takes her place at the head of a line of cats, each nudging the next one away from a bowl of cat food, like the well-known commercial.

PAN DOWN as each cat spreads the word to his neighbor.

INT. MOUSE BAR - NIGHT

Jerry enters the same Mouse Bar we saw him in at the very beginning of the picture. The usual crowd is there.

He sidles up to Pete at the bar. Pete is surprised to see him, but before he can say anything, Jerry leans forward and begins to whisper to him.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Pete enters a sleazy nightclub. A blowsy-looking, somewhat over-the-hill MOUSE CHANTEUSE is seated at the piano bar, singing:

MOUSE CHANTEUSE
Ah, sweet mouse-story of life
At last I found you.....

Pete drops a note on the piano keys. She puts it in her cleavage, nods to him.

INT. MOUSE DISCO - NIGHT

The Mouse Chanteuse is dancing wildly. As she turns around, she passes the note to a DISCO MOUSE wearing a Travolta-type outfit.

EXT. ROOFTOPS, CITY BUILDINGS - DAY

Tom, Jerry and Spike are on the roof of a downtown building, in a warehouse-industrial section of the city. The Disco Mouse character is with them. He guides them across one roof, then points to the next building's rooftop.

DISCO MOUSE

There. That one.

POV: Between the two buildings there is an air shaft, about five feet across, with a sheer drop to the street below. And on the roof of the next building is one of those little sheds that houses the air conditioning unit for the building. It is a cement bunker kind of structure.

JERRY

Thanks a lot.

DISCO MOUSE

Good luck.

He scurries off in the opposite direction.

The Three Musketeers consider the problem before them: how to get across the air shaft.

SPIKE

We got us a problem here.

JERRY

I saw some boards laying back there.
We can lay one across and make a bridge.

TOM

(contemptuously)

What a bunch of sissies. Come on, this is a snap. I can jump that easy.

JERRY

I wouldn't if I were you.

TOM

Wrong, rodent. If you were me, you would.
Don't you know about cats? Cats are agile.
Cats can leap over anything and land on a dime.

SPIKE

(peering down twenty stories)

I don't see no dime.

TOM

(supremely smug and arrogant)

Anyway, we all got nine lives, doncha know that? Stand back.

They do. He takes a running start, a flying leap and..... misses the opposite ledge by about a foot. With a howl, he clutches the side of the building with his claws.

He then slides down the entire side of the building, his claws desperately trying to cling to the wall. It makes a horrible sound like somebody scraping their fingernails on a blackboard.

And leaves deep claw tracks all the way down the building.

WIPE DISSOLVE

The three of them now walk across a board that has been layed over the air shaft. Tom, having lost face, is surly and embarrassed.

SPIKE

One life down and eight to go, Tommy.

They get across and are now on the rooftop with the concrete bunker shed. As they get closer, we SEE that a few tiny little slits of windows are cut into the structure, high up.

JERRY

(whispering)

Gimme a boost.

Spike does. Jerry peeks in the window.

HIS POV:

INT. ROOFTOP SHED - DAY

Prince Puffy is bound and gagged. Ratso takes a Polaroid of him, as the Two Gorillas watch.

JERRY (o.s.)

I knew they weren't on his side.

SPIKE

How is he?

JERRY

Not too ---

Suddenly Ratso, satisfied with his photo, starts out of the shed, accompanied by one of the Gorillas.

JERRY

(urgently)

Shhh! Get down!

The three of them flatten themselves against the side of the wall. In B.g. Ratso and the Gorilla emerge, walk to the door leading to the Fire Stairs on the roof and depart.

TOM

Okay, let's get him.

JERRY

There's still one gorilla in there.

TOM

(cocky)

So what? It's three against one. We can take him easy.

JERRY

Like you could jump that space easy.

TOM

Are you a mouse or a chicken?

JERRY

We can't afford to take chances.

TOM

Afford! We can't afford carfare home, that's what we can't afford!

Jerry peeks in the window again.

SPIKE

What's he doin'?

JERRY

Eatin' a banana.

SPIKE

I didn't know boids liked bananas.

JERRY

Not him. The gorilla.

TOM

(impatiently)

Come on! What're we waitin' for?

JERRY

He looks sleepy.

SPIKE

Poor little fella.

JERRY

Not him. THE gorilla. We'll wait till he falls asleep, then we'll get the Prince out of there.

TOM

Wait? If we wait that long those other two could come back.

JERRY

(firmly)

We'll just have to take that chance.

TOM

(pressing)

But it's just one ape! We'll take him by surprise. Shock tactics. By the time he figures out what hit him, we're long gone.

SPIKE

(adamantly)

Jerry's right. We don't take no chances. We wait.

JERRY

Honor and justice are on our side. So let's not risk anything.

They stand there. Then:

Plink! A halo appears over Jerry's head.

Plink! A halo appears over Spike's head.

Tom looks impatient, anxious. Then:

Plink! A dollar sign appears over Tom's head.

That did it. Without stopping to consult the others, he recklessly charges the door to the bunker.

Tom goes crashing in. HOLD A BEAT. Then he comes flying out, screaming --- flung by the Gorilla.

Tom sails out over the edge of the roof into thin air. When he gets about six feet out there, he stops. It is the famous cartoon sequence ---the defiance of gravity bit. He looks down.

POV: A sheer drop to the street.

He looks AT CAMERA, a ghastly expression on his face. All this time he is magically standing in air. He looks down quickly again, pondering his problem.

A big question mark appears over his head.

Suddenly he starts to fall, zipping down OUT OF FRAME. As he does so, he grabs the stem of the question mark, like somebody holding the stem of an umbrella.

He is headed for the street at 80 MPH, but just as he reaches the last two stories of the building, the curved upper part of the question mark hooks around a horizontal flagpole sticking out from the building.

Phew! He's saved from a horrible fate.

ON THE ROOFTOP -- The Gorilla comes running out of the bunker.

JERRY

Run for it, Spike!

Spike runs for the board-bridge to get to the next rooftop. Jerry is a few yards behind him. The Gorilla is behind Jerry.

As Spike clatters over the board, it rattles, tips. Spike makes it across just in time, but the board falls down the air shaft.

Jerry is running too fast to stop, and his momentum carries him out into thin air.

Suddenly he stops, realizes he is running on nothing. Like Tom before, he looks down, then looks AT CAMERA. But instead of a question mark (?) appearing over his head, an exclamation point (!) appears instead.

Worse luck for Jerry. As he shoots straight downward, he grabs the stem of the exclamation point. But we realize that without a curved hook part to latch onto the flagpole, he is doomed.

SPLAT! He hits the ground with a tremendous crash. A cloud of dust obscures his fate.

As the dust settles, Jerry is lying there, unmoving.

Tom and Spike rush over, aghast. Jerry seems perfectly lifeless as Spike bends over, puts his head to his chest.

TOM

(fearful)

Is he.... is he.....?

SPIKE

Jerry? Jerry?

(no response)

Speak to me, pal.....

(beginning to weep)

Oh no!

Music: a sad and sorrowful theme.

Now Tom is struck with the awfulness of his action: a terrible attack of his conscience.

TOM

It's all my fault! He told me to wait. But did I wait? Did I?

SPIKE

Nope.

TOM

No, I had to run in and ruin everything!
(beginning to sob)
All my fault! The best little mouse
that ever squeaked and now he's gone!
And it's all my fault!

SPIKE

(crying, trying to
comfort Tom)
Now, Tom, it ain't all your fault ---
(thinking it over)
Yeah, it is, come to think of it.

This makes Tom cry all the harder.

TOM

(grief-sticken)
And why? I ask you, why? All because
of money!

(spitting the word out
with loathing)

Money. I hate money! Was money worth
the death of a friend? Could money
bring him back to life?

(come to think of it:)

Well, actually, it could soften the blow
of his passing a little bit.

(back to grief)

Besides, think what a funeral we could
have given him! A hero's farewell!

SPIKE

(getting in the breast-beating
spirit of it)

A 21-gun salute!

TOM

It takes money to buy 21 guns.

SPIKE

And 21 bullets.

TOM
 And banks ----
 (quickly)
 of flowers. Banks of flowers as
 far as the eye can see.

They sob in each other's arms, over Jerry's still form.

SPIKE
 (envisioning it)
 My wreath would say, "So long little
 pal from your pal Spike."
 (a flood of fresh tears)

TOM
 Yeah. And I'd give the eulogy.
 "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here
 today to say so long to a mouse in a
 million. A real credit to his species.
 (mopping his eyes)
 When the name of Jerry Mouse is mentioned,
 animals all over the world will pause in
 their daily struggles and recall his.....
 his..."
 (searching for a phrase)

Jerry sits up.

JERRY
 "His simple dignity."

Tom and Spike are so deeply involved in their imaginary
 funeral that they take no notice of the fact that he isn't
 dead after all.

TOM
 Good, good. "His simple dignity...."
 (sobs)
 "His..."
 (stuck again)

JERRY
 "His kindness to all."

TOM
 "His kindness to all."

JERRY
 "His admirable hatred of selfish cats...."

TOM
 "His admirable hatred ---"
 (suddenly turns white)
A ghost!!!!

Jerry grabs Tom by the tail.

JERRY
(rightfully pissed-off)
Does this feel like a ghost?!

He sinks his teeth into Tom's tail.

TOM
YEOW!!!!

With a howl of pain, he goes sailing stright up OUT OF FRAME.

Jerry turns and looks up, then salutes ---

Tom, who is hanging from the end of the flagpole, blowing in the wind like a flag.

WIPE DISSOLVE

INT. HOTEL LOBBY, RITZ WALDORF - DAY

Ratso and the First Gorilla enter. As they walk toward the elevators, about TEN MOOSE pass them.

PAN TO DIRECTORY which reads Moose Lodge 37, Ballroom B.

INT. ELEVATOR

They enter. It is crowded. Once again, the up-tight Lady Chimpanzee who got goosed before is in there.

Again she lets out a yelp and jumps in the air. As she gets out, red-faced, we see a grinning DOG of a certain breed who had been standing behind her.

RATSO
(explaining)
Doberman pinch-her.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Spike, overcome with relief, is licking a pleased but protesting Jerry, slobbering all over him.

SPIKE
We thought we'd lost ya!

JERRY
(blushing)
C'mon, I'm okay, I'm okay....

Tom stands apart, hands in pockets, scowling, feeling like a fool.

TOM
(muttering)
An unbreakable mouse. What'll they
think of next?

WIPE DISSOLVE

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET - DAY

The three of them are walking in silence, looking dejected.

TOM
Boy, we sure blew it.

JERRY
(testy)
"We?" "We?"

TOM
Speak English.

JERRY
Only one of us here is responsible for
the fate of poor Prince Puffy.

TOM
(stung)
Boy, I wish I knew the guy who built
a better mouse trap.

SPIKE
I wonder what they'll do to him.

JERRY
(shudders)
I hate to think.

SPIKE
(fearfully)
Maybe he's....maybe they.....

C.U. SPIKE -- His eyes well up with water. A goldfish swims
in each eyeball.

TOM
(fears the worst)
They might just send him back to his
people.

JERRY
In a box.....

SPIKE
Poor little boid.....

A NEWSBOY (CUB) on the street-corner appears with an armload of newspapers.

NEWSBOY
Extra! Extra! Read all about it!
Prince Puffy safe and sound!
Prince of Poogy Pangy --

JERRY
(automatically correcting
him)
Pingo Pongo.

NEWSBOY
Prince of Pingo Pongo Returned Unharmd!

Suddenly what they heard hits them. They grab a paper.

JERRY
He's all right! He's all right!
(jubilant)
Safe and sound! Safe and sound!

INT. BOILER ROOM HIDEOUT

Prince Puffy is anything but safe and sound. He is tied up to a chair next to the boiler, a gag in his mouth, surrounded by an evil, grinning Lord Vultura and Kook. Bertram is putting on the Prince's royal robes.

LORD VULTURA
(menacing the Prince)
Ten thousand dollars that little trip of
yours cost me. You'll pay for that, too.

The Prince grunts defiantly in protest through his gag.

KOOK
Plucky, isn't he?

LORD VULTURA
Plucked is more what I have in mind
for him.

INT. ELEVATOR

A pleased Ratso, counting a fistful of money, is in the elevator with the Gorilla and a crowd of others, including that prissy Lady Chimpanzee.

Again she yelps, and turns angrily to the one behind her.

LADY CHIMP

Male chauvinist!

We see it is a PIG, wearing an open-necked shirt and a lot of gold chains round his neck grinning lasciviously.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Tom, Jerry and Spike finish reading the newspaper. Suddenly they feel a little down, a bit of an anti-climax.

JERRY

Well...all's well that ends well....

SPIKE

Yeah....

TOM

Might as well go home, I guess....

JERRY

Might as well....

SPIKE

Nuttin' else left to do....

They walk on, and to say their tails are dragging is an understatement -- their entire rear quarters are dragging like weighted sacks.

JERRY

(saying what they all feel)
Gee. Kind of a let-down, isn't it?
I mean....we didn't even get to say
goodbye.

TOM

Yeah....

JERRY

Hey! Why shouldn't we? I mean,
who has more of a right?

SPIKE

Huh?

JERRY

Tomorrow they crown him King, right?
Who has more of a right to be there than us?

TOM

Yeah! He would want us to be there!

SPIKE
(equally convinced)
We're his pals!

TOM
We took care of him!

JERRY
I was like a father to him!

SPIKE
I was like a brudder to him!

TOM
I was like ----
(the other two regard him
doubtfully)
.....er.....like a cat to him.
(pause)
But still --

JERRY
(selling himself)
Of course he'd want us there. The
proudest moment of his life. You just
know it wouldn't be as good for him
without his new pals, right?

SPIKE
What should we do?

TOM
Call him up?

JERRY
We'd never get through.

TOM
Let's just go there. We'll tell them
who we are, they'll take a message to
him, and it'll be as easy as pie.

JERRY
Right!

SPIKE
Right!

EXT. RITZ WALDORF HOTEL - DAY

Jerry is flung out the door. He slams against a telephone pole.
A second later, Tom is flung out. He lands on Jerry's shoulders.
A beat later, Spike is unceremoniously flung out, and lands on
Tom's shoulders. They look like an unhappy totem pole.

JERRY

Wrong.

SPIKE

Wrong.

TOM

Wrong.

As they sit there glumly, TWO SECRET SERVICE BIRDS enter the hotel without any trouble. Then, TWO MORE BIRDS.

Spike, Tom and Jerry look at each other meaningfully.

A light bulb appears over their heads. CLOSE ON IT: It has the imprint: 50 watts. It goes off. Then a much brighter light bulb appears: 300 watts. It shines dazzlingly.

EXT. STREET NEAR HOTEL - NIGHT

A truly comical sight comes into view: Tom, Jerry and Spike are disguised as birds. They wear outlandish bird outfits, with feathers and beaks and bird claws and wings, looking really ludicrous and absurd. They walk with great difficulty on the unaccustomed feet.

JERRY

(to Tom)

Whatever you do, don't meow.

SPIKE

Yeah. Tweet-tweet-tweet.

TOM

How do they walk on these things?

SPIKE

Dey don't, dey fly.

TOM

No wonder. If I had feet like this, I'd fly, too.

Spike drops back. TRACK WITH TOM AND JERRY until they realize that Spike is no longer with them. They turn, look back.

JERRY

Hey, Spike! Birds don't do that.

ON SPIKE -- He has stopped at a fire hydrant.

SPIKE

Dat's dere problem.

WIPE DISSOLVE

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Prince Puffy is tied up in his chair. Two great big tears roll down his little cheeks.

INT. GRAND BALLROOM, RITZ WALDORF HOTEL - NIGHT

All is in readiness for the coronation. At one end of the great ballroom is a raised platform. A throne sits on it, golden and bejeweled. A long red carpet leads to the throne.

A clock on the wall behind it shows the time: 8:45.

At the other end of the ballroom, a long table, draped in cloth and bunting, has been laid with champagne and hors d'oeuvres.

T.V. cameras and cables are placed at various points in the room.

The great doors have not yet been opened for the guests. At this point, only the STAFF -- various Pingo Pongo BIRDS, including WAITERS, SECRET SERVICE MEN and a few others to be noted below, are gathered in a group listening to Lord Vultura, who is addressing them. Kook stands nearby. On either side of the steps leading up to the throne, two magnificently plumed HALBERDIERS, BIRDS dressed in velvet and armor in the conquistador style, flank the platform. Each carries a spear. It is a scene of great opulence.

NARRATOR (v.o.)

One hour and fifteen minutes till
blast-off and so far it looks like
Prince Puffy has laid an egg.

LORD VULTURA

(addressing the staff)

At exactly 10 o'clock --

KOOK

(springs to life)

Ten o'clock? Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuck --

LORD VULTURA

Not now, you maniac!

KOOK

Later?

LORD VULTURA

Later.

(to the staff)

At exactly.....

LORD VULTURA (cont'd)

(casts a nervous look at Kook)

....the time I mentioned, the new King of Pingo Pongo will be crowned in this room. Our ancient laws prescribe that the coronation must take place on the stroke of.... the time I mentioned. The Prince will come through that door ---

(points to it)

--- and in accordance with our solemn tradition, he will take "the walk of one hundred steps" down this red carpet that leads to the throne. When he has reached the throne, our Cardinal will perform the rites of coronation. I need hardly remind you all of the importance of this momentous occasion.

(suddenly emits a blood-curdling laugh)

Sorry. It just popped out. Now then --- the great Heads of State --

KOOK

Bodies, too ---

LORD VULTURA

(hissing)

There will be Cuckoo Fricasee added to the menu if you don't shut your beak.

(to all)

As I was saying, foreign dignitaries and heads of the various governments who have come to honor our poor little island country will be formally presented as they enter. Do I need to tell you that if anything goes wrong ---

(in terrible tone:)

anything at all that embarrasses our nation on world-wide television (!!!!!), the perpetrator will be personally subjected to cruel and unusual punishment!

PAN NERVOUS FACES OF VARIOUS BIRDS.

LORD VULTURA (cont'd)

In order to assure a successful coronation, extra security measures have been provided. Hidden among you, so well disguised that none of you could spot them, are plain-clothes members of the local police department.

CAMERA NOW PICKS UP ABOUT FIVE OR SIX PIGS IN FORMAL CLOTHES --- the only pigs in a room full of birds.

LORD VULTURA (cont'd)

Following the formal presentation of the guests, the Prince will enter and take his place on the platform. Our national anthem will be sung by the famed opera star, Miss Beverly Seals. Prince Puffy himself will accompany her on the piano. He will then favor us with a piano selection especially prepared for the occasion. And then.....we will crown him. That is, a new King will be crowned.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Bertram emerges from the bathroom clad in the Prince's royal robes, all shiny gold, his exact double. He looks smirkingly at the bound and gagged Prince Puffy.

BERTRAM

Well, win a few, lose a few, Puff.

(insolently)

It's been swell knowin' ya, and it'll be even sweller bein' ya.

EXT. RITZ WALDORF HOTEL - NIGHT

Outside the hotel, POLICE keep back the crowds, including the Autograph Hounds, behind those light blue barriers. Limousines flying foreign flags begin to pull up. TV mobile unit trucks from the three major networks can be SEEN.

EXT. BACK ALLEY, RITZ WALDORF - NIGHT

ON A DOOR WHICH SAYS: Ritz Waldorf Hotel
 Employees Entrance

THREE STAFF BIRDS in tuxedo jackets step out for a smoke. They light up cigarettes, when:

VOICE (o.s.)

Psssst!

They turn and look:

WHAT THEY SEE: Stepping from the alley is a hip-swaying, ass-wiggling sexy bird who comes on like a hooker in heat. It is Tom, doing a grotesque imitation of a sexy female.

TOM

(in falsetto voice)

Hey, fellas? Wanna have a little ---

(very suggestively)

--- fun?

With a bump and a grind, he steps back into the shadows of the alley.

The three birds look at each other with big grins, dumbfounded at this stroke of good luck.

FIRST BIRD

What do you think? We got time?

SECOND BIRD

(turned on)

If a prince can become a king, can't a bird become a stallion?

THIRD BIRD

We owe it to Pingo Pongo! After all, who says we can't start celebrating a little early?

ALL THREE

Long live the King! Hot cha!

Panting and on the make, they step into the alley.
HOLD ON STREET OUTSIDE AS:

Sounds of violent activity. Pow! Bam! Whap!

IMAGE SHAKES FROM THE OFF-SCREEN ACTION.

Suddenly, all is silent.

A moment later, out step Tom, Jerry and Spike, now wearing the tuxedos. As they enter the Employee Entrance:

JERRY

(razzing him)

Hot-cha, huh? You sure make a pretty ---

TOM

(mortified)

Don't say it. Whatever it is, don't
say it.

They go inside.

INT. GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

A MAJOR DOMO PARROT in a powdered wig and brocade outfit steps up to the double doors. As they open, he begins to make his announcements.

(NOTE: A WIPE DISSOLVE separates each of these entrances of the Heads of State.)

PARROT

The French Ambassador!

A FROG in a beret hops into the room.

PARROT
The Representative from Persia!

A PERSIAN CAT strides into view.

PARROT
From Siam!

TWO SIAMESE CATS, joined at the tail, make their way in.

PARROT
The Ambassador from Scotland.

A SCOTCH TERRIER in kilts enters.

ON THE DOORS TO THE KITCHEN, OFF THE BALLROOM -- Tom, Jerry and Spike, disguised as birds in formal clothing, slip into the ballroom unnoticed.

BACK ON THE ENTRANCES

PARROT
Representing Italy, the Italian Stallion.

SYLVESTER STALLONE (OR SOMEBODY WHO LOOKS LIKE HIM)
made up as a snorting horse in a dinner jacket prances in.

PARROT
The Premier of Germany!

A GERMAN SHEPHERD comes in.

PARROT
From Ireland ---

AN IRISH SETTER appears in the doorway, then sits down.

PARROT
(sotto voce)
Enter please.

But the dog doesn't budge.

DOG
(in a thick brogue)
Don't be daft, man, I'm an Irish Setter.

WIPE DISSOLVE

PARROT
The Chairman of the People's Republic
of China, Mouse Tse Tung!

A MOUSE in gray Chinese tunic enters.

PARROT

The Premier of Israel -- Menachim Beagle!

MENACHIM BEAGLE, a HOUND who looks just like him, comes in.

PARROT

Representing Egypt --

A CAMEL staggers into the doorway, looking exhausted.
As he pants, catching his breath:

CAMEL

(explaining)

I walked a mile to get here.

PARROT

From the country of Spain ---

A FLY dressed like a flamenco dancer dashes in. He
deftly executes some heel-pounding flamenco steps.

ON TWO LADY GUESTS, leering at this display.

FIRST FEMALE

(to her friend)

Ooooooh! I just love that Spanish Fly!

PARROT

From England, Mr. John Bull.

A BULL stomps into the ballroom.

PARROT

Representing Wales!

A WHALE comes in, spouting water from his head.

PARROT

From Tibet, the Dali Llama.

A LLAMA in saffron robes enters and bows.

KOOK

Hello, Dali!

PARROT

From the nation of India --

A COW in a sari walks in. A halo shines over her head.

ONE GUEST
(to his companion)
What a cow she is.

SECOND GUEST
Yes, but sacred!

PARROT
From Portugal --

A RACE HORSE wearing silks gallops in, whinnies.

FIRST GUEST
Portugese?

SECOND GUEST
(explaining)
Portugese Man o' War.

PARROT
The Ambassador from Mexico.

A little MEXICAN HAIRLESS steps into the room, shivers.

MEXICAN HAIRLESS
I weesh I had a coat.

As he stands there, the next Guest steps in the doorway beside him:

PARROT
From Persia --

It is a PERSIAN LAMB.

MEXICAN HAIRLESS
Who are you?

PERSIAN LAMB
I'm a Persian Lamb.

MEXICAN HAIRLESS
Hey, maybe we can make a deal, huh?

PARROT
From Alaska, His Royal Highness ---

A CRAB waddles in.

FIRST GUEST
Gee! The Alaskan King Crab!

PARROT
Representing Brazil ---

It's hard to tell what kind of ANIMAL this is, because he's dressed like Napoleon. The tri-corner hat, the tunic, the hand tucked in, etc.

SECOND GUEST
He's a real Brazil Nut.

PARROT
From Africa! The King of the Jungle!

A tremendous roar is heard o.s. Then -- a tiny little MONKEY enters.

MONKEY
I know, I know, but if you didn't see me with your own eyes, you'd say I was lion.

PARROT
And now, the representative from the Vatican.

All is hushed as a CARDINAL -- a bird, of course, in churchly robes, enters.

He walks up onto the platform, beside the throne.

CARDINAL
Will His Royal Highness now enter this solemn chamber?

The doors part. With fanfare music Bertram enters, looking noble and serious, just like the real Prince.

TOM
Hey, there he is! Yoo-hoo! Princey!

JERRY
Shhhh! Don't attract attention. Let's try to get closer.

Tom, Jerry and Spike maneuver their way through the crowd, trying to get closer to the Prince, who stands at the far end of the carpet.

JERRY
Psssst! Prince ! Hey!

ON BERTRAM -- He hears them, looks at them, shows no sign of recognition.

SPIKE
(miffed)
He acts like he don't know us.

TOM
Snob!

JERRY
How could he recognize us when we
look like this?

SPIKE
Oh yeah. I forgot we're boids.

TOM
Maybe later we can ---

JERRY
Shhhhh!

He points to where Lord Vultura rises and claps his hands.
A piano has been wheeled out. Bertram is seated at it.

LORD VULTURA
And now, please rise for the Pingo
Pongo National Anthem. Ladies and
gentlebeasts, from the Marlon Perkins
Opera House, the great soprano ---
Miss Beverly Seals!

BEVERLY SEALS, a SEAL with long blonde hair, waddles out
on her flippers, carrying one of those squeeze-horn
affairs that trained seals play in the circus.

She bows to the Prince, then squeezes the horn. A note
sounds, acting like a pitch pipe. She hums the tone.

Bertram, at the piano, plays the note. They are now
tuned up.

Beverly Seals sings the Pingo Pongo National Anthem,
accompanied by Bertram.

TOM
(whispers to Jerry in the crowd)
He played that pretty good.
(calls out)
Nice going, Prince!

ON THE PLATFORM

LORD VULTURA
And now the Prince will play a special
selection in honor of his coronation ---
The Pingo Pongo March.

Bertram begins the piece. We instantly recognize it as the one Prince Puffy played before.

TOM

Hey, that's the same one he played for us.

Bertram reaches the passage where Prince Puffy always hits the wrong note. And he plays it perfectly.

ON TOM, JERRY AND SPIKE --- Their eyes wide in astonishment.

SPIKE

He got it right! Hey! He got it right!

TOM

But he never gets it right!

SPIKE

But he got it right!

A look of great suspicion begins to appear on Jerry's face.

JERRY

Yes, and you know why he got it right?
'Cause.....it's.....not....him!

SPIKE

It's not him??????

TOM

It's not him????

The three of them take a close, hard look.

TOM, JERRY AND SPIKE
(convinced, yelling)

IT'S NOT HIM!!!

WHIP PAN TO LORD VULTURA who heard them.

ZOOM INTO HIS EYES -- Flames appear. Then daggers. Then:

LORD VULTURA
(calling out, pointing
across the ballroom)

Stop them! They're imposters!

Tom, Jerry and Spike freeze, then start to run for it.

All around them, the Secret Service Birds and the Under-cover Pigs start for them.

Spike gets down on all four legs, begins to crawl among the feet of the crowded assemblage.

One of the Pigs grabs Tom by the back of the neck. Tom keeps running. The bird disguise begins to stretch like a rubber band. Boing! It comes off, sending the Pig backwards into the churning crowd. He slams into five more Pigs, and all tip backwards like dominoes.

WIDE ANGLE -- It really is the Domino Theory. People are being knocked down by the one falling down just ahead of them all over the room.

ON TOM -- Now revealed to the world as the cat he is. He is racing for the door.

Jerry is just ahead of him, divesting himself of his cumbersome bird disguise as he runs.

JERRY

Run for it, Tom! Run for it!

Pandemonium and panic in the ballroom. Tom and Jerry zip out the door just as Waiters enter with trays, sending them flying.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BALLROOM - NIGHT

Tom and Jerry race into the long corridor outside the ballroom. They are running rapidly.

ON THE DOOR --- Pigs and birds come out, looking this way and that way for them.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Lord Vultura is on the platform, calming the excited guests.

LORD VULTURA

We do most humbly apologize for that unfortunate incident. Rest assured that the government of Pingo Pongo will see to it that these troublemakers are captured and brought to justice.

He laughs his horrible laugh. A NEARBY ANIMAL is instantly turned to a block of ice by it.

LORD VULTURA

Pardon me. Will someone please defrost that guest?

(to all)

And now, let us proceed with the ceremony.

Barbara Walrus, microphone in hand, looks TO CAMERA as she addresses the home audience.

BARBARA

This is Barbara Walrus. For the first time, viewers will witness the solemn ritual of coronation as it has been practiced in.....

(about to make the usual mistake)

....this little island nation for centuries.

Facing another T.V. camera is John Chanticleer:

JOHN

This is John Chanticleer live from the Ritz Waldorf. The Cardinal is already waiting by the empty throne as the minutes tick by, approaching the stroke of ten. He holds the symbols of the kingship: the crown itself, the miter, and....the...uh....some kind of funny little doohickey there....

Walter Cronkcat addresses his audience:

WALTER

Walter Cronkcat here as we await the entrance of Prince Puffy. He will then take the traditional "walk of one hundred steps" on the carpet that approaches the throne. According to the custom of his country, the once and future King must take 100 steps -- exactly that number, not more, not less -- to the throne.

A fanfare. Bertram stands at the edge of the carpet. He begins the stately walk. Processional music begins.

PAN VARIOUS GUESTS, counting under their breath: 1, 2, 3,...

As Bertram progresses about one-third of the way, the count reaches 33:

ON SPIKE -- down on the floor, hiding among the legs of the guests. He makes his way to the edge of the carpet and gives it a terrific yank.

Bertram falls on his ass as the carpet is pulled from beneath him.

BARBARA

He's fallen! The Prince has fallen!

Lord Vultura rushes to Bertram's side, helps him up.
TIGHT TWO:

BARBARA (v.o.)
 He's going to be all right! He's
 getting up. What a game bird, folks!
 He'll try again.

LORD VULTURA (sotto voce)
 Clumsy fool! Now you'll have to begin
 again!

BERTRAM (sotto voce)
 Big deal, so I tripped.

LORD VULTURA
 Hurry up! It's almost time!

ON THE CLOCK -- Ten minutes to ten.

Bertram makes his way back to the beginning of the carpet.
 Again the processional music begins.

He starts the walk again.

ON LORD VULTURA -- Counting the steps - half-aloud.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Neil, the Octopus Desk Clerk, looks up as a great big,
 fat HIPPO, looking hot and sweaty in his tight jacket
 steps up to the desk.

HIPPO
 (looking about him)
 What's going on here?

OCTOPUS
 Haven't you heard about the coronation?

HIPPO
 I couldn't care less about it. All
 I want is a room.

OCTOPUS
 If you'd like a view of the park, I'm
 afraid I haven't any ---

HIPPO
 Couldn't care less about the view.
 I just want to lay down in a nice, cool
 bath. As soon as possible.

He mops his perspired brow.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

From around the left corner, Jerry comes racing at full
 speed.

WHIP PAN to the other end of the corridor, where Tom comes running around the corner. Both run with heads down, not looking where they're going.

Wham! They crash into each other at full force. The impact is so tremendous that it knocks them down. When they get up, we SEE the results of the head-on collision: each has gotten the other's face.

Like Laurel and Hardy in one of those mix-ups where they get the wrong derby hats, Tom and Jerry have to stop and exchange heads till all is correct.

As they do so:

VOICE (o.s.)

There they are! Stop them!

From both ends of the long corridor come charging phalanxes of birds and pigs.

Both sides are cut off. They look at each other in panic.

Then Jerry yanks open a door directly in front of them. On the door is lettered LAUNDRY.

JERRY

Quick! In here!

They jump in.

INT. LAUNDRY CHUTE

It's a laundry chute. They slide down about five stories directly into:

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM, BASEMENT - NIGHT

The laundry room. Sheets and towels laying in piles. Tom comes shooting out of the chute, lands in the pile. He comes up looking like an Arab chieftan.

Jerry comes zooming out a moment later, lands in a laundry bin on rollers. The momentum takes him to Tom who is upended and lands in the bin with him. The cart continues to roll right out the door.

INT. ADJOINING ROOM - NIGHT

It is pitch dark. The cart rolls to a stop. Then silence.

TOM
I can't see a thing!

JERRY
If only I could get an idea.

TOM
What for?

JERRY
Wait a minute, wait a minute ---
one's coming, it's coming --- I
got it!

And instantly a light bulb appears shining brightly above Jerry's head. Now the room is illuminated.

TOM
Now that sheds a little light on the
matter!

PULL BACK AND WIDEN TO REVEAL they are in the Boiler Room. And there, tied to his chair, bound and gagged, is Prince Puffy.

JERRY
Prince Puffy!!!!

They run to him, pull off his gag.

PRINCE PUFFY
Boy, I glad that's over.

TOM
But you're about to be crowned!

PRINCE PUFFY
Not me.

JERRY
Well who is?

TOM
I don't know, but he sure can play
piano.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Bertram is about halfway to the throne.

Down one the floor, Spike reaches up to an ice bucket on a table, pulls it down, then scatters ice cubes on the floor.

An ice cube rolls onto the carpet just ahead of Bertram. He steps on it, slides, and goes crashing into a table.

As the guests scramble around in chaos, ZOOM TO CLOCK:
It is five to ten.

NARRATOR (v.o.)

You can imagine how upset Lord
Vultura is. He's simply beside himself.

It's true. We SEE TWO LORD VULTURAS, one next to the other, and both of them mad as hell.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The fat Hippo, in a bathrobe, runs his bath.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

JERRY

Quick! What time is it?

TOM

How do I know? Cats don't wear watches.

JERRY

We haven't got a minute to spare.

PRINCE PUFFY

What we gonna do?

JERRY

We're gonna kill two birds with one stone. And you're the stone!

As they rush out:

NARRATOR (v.o.)

He doesn't really mean "kill" two
birds, folks. It's just an expression.
I mean, this isn't that kind of a
picture. We wouldn't risk our G
rating for gratuitous violence, would
we?

EXT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Tom, Jerry and Prince Puffy race to the elevators. One of them opens, but their way is blocked as the entire elevator is entirely taken up by an enormous TAN GUERNSEY.

TOM

How now, brown cow?

The elevator doors close.

JERRY
We'll take the stairs.

ON THE STAIRCASE -- leading to the Grand Ballroom.

Tom, Jerry and Prince Puffy come running into view wearing U.S. Cavalry uniforms. Tom blows the trumpet, Jerry waves the sword:

JERRY
Charge!

They charge up the stairs.

INT. GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

Bertram is once again making the walk down the red carpet, and has almost reached the platform and the throne.

JOHN (v.o.)
(hushed tones)
And this time His Highness seems to have made the walk of 100 steps without mishap.

BARBARA (v.o.)
93, 94, 95.....

ON THE DOOR -- A small serving table is near it.

The door is pushed open gently, and Tom, Jerry and the Prince sneak in the ballroom.

ON A GUARD -- turning to see who came in.

HIS POV: Nobody there. Just the table.

He turns away.

The table begins to move, and we SEE six legs under it.

The Guard turns, looks again.

The table is still. But it has changed location.

The Guard looks puzzled, turns back to watch the ceremony.

The table tiptoes on, until they reach the long cloth-draped table laden with champagne and canapes.

Jerry, Tom and the Prince slide under the big table, hidden by the cloth.

Jerry reaches up, pulls a big carving fork -- the two-tined model - off the table. He holds it up.

Tom lines up a toothpick in the middle of the tines, like a gun sight. The target comes to rest directly on Bertram, standing at the foot of the throne.

Jerry takes an unopened champagne bottle from the table, lines it up behind the gun sight.

A certain rustle behind them makes them turn. There, crawling under the table on all fours, is a much-relieved Spike.

SPIKE

(sees what they are doing)

May I?

JERRY

Be my guest.

Spike holds the champagne bottle with the neck aimed through the gun sight directly at the throne. Then he hits the back end of the bottle sharply with his paw.

The cork goes flying out of the bottle.

FOLLOW IT CLOSELY as it sails halfway across the ballroom. Unfortunately, its path is deflected as a Waiter lifts a serving bowl covered with a silver dome.

The cork strikes the dome and ricochets off at a 45-degree angle, going upwards.

It strikes the ceiling and falls.

On the way down, the cork hits a wall sconce that holds three lighted candles.

One of the candles, still burning, is knocked out of its base and falls to the floor.

The candle rolls across the floor, unnoticed.

It comes to a stop at the foot of one of those armor-wearing ceremonial spear carriers who flank the base of the platform. A silver spur is attached to his foot-gear.

The flame of the candle is directly beneath the metal spur. It begins to heat it. The spur starts to turn orange, then to glow red hot.

The Spear Carrier suddenly lets out a great howl and leaps up, flinging his spear in the air.

The spear goes right up through the ceiling, to:

INT. HIPPO'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

The spear shoots up from the floor below, right through the tub and into the big, fat rump of the Hippo.

HIPPO

AIEEEEEEE!

He leaps straight up in the air, the spear stuck in him.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

The clock says ten. The Cardinal is about to lay the crown on Bertram's head.

LORD VULTURA
(to Kook)

Now!

KOOK

Now what?

LORD VULTURA
Ten o'clock!

KOOK

So?

(realizes)

Oh! Ten o'clock! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Cuck-

ON THE CEILING DIRECTLY ABOVE THEM -- where the spear went in. The Hippo's bathwater begins to pour through the hole in a steady stream.

As Bertram bows his head, leaning forward to receive the crown, the stream of water gushes onto his skull.

The Cardinal pulls the crown back, eyes wide in wonder.

The gold paint is washing off, revealing the dingy gray bird beneath.

CARDINAL
This is not the Prince!

LORD VULTURA
What??!!!!

Bertram, soaking wet, is all gray, with rivulets of gold paint pooling about his feet.

From across the hall, in unison:

TOM, JERRY, SPIKE
But this is!

Bearing a triumphant Prince Puffy aloft, they come charging across the room. The startled guests clear a path.

PRINCE PUFFY
(to Bertram)
You not even cute!

SPIKE
Go get him, Princey!

Prince Puffy takes off and plows right into Bertram. The gray bird is knocked backwards and slams into the stomach of the Cardinal.

The crown flies out of the Cardinal's hands. It goes up, up, up toward the ceiling and then down, down ---- and comes to rest on the head of the new and genuine King of Pingo Pongo.

TOM, JERRY AND SPIKE
Long live the King!

ALL
Long live the King!

LORD VULTURA
Well, it's been nice knowing you!

He and Kook start to run for it. As they dash across the carpet, Tom and Jerry each grab the rug by the end and yank.

It snaps like a whip. Lord Vultura and Kook go flying off and crash against the wall, one on top of the other.

The crash causes the great clock on the wall to come loose from its moorings. It falls straight down with a bang, totally enveloping the two villains.

HOLD A BEAT. Then the clock face swings open and Kook steps out. His eyes are crossed and he looks dazed and daffy, standing on the head of the unconscious Lord Vultura.

KOOK
(stepping out of
the clock)
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuck----

Boing! Springs fly out of his head. He "winds down," tips over and out.

EXT SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Tom, Jerry and Spike are walking home, side by side, in triumph.

SPIKE

We did it! The three of us!

JERRY

And you know why? Because we
worked together, on the same side.

SPIKE

Yeah.

(smiling)

He's gonna make a great little King.

TOM

He'd make an even better Chicken
a la King.

JERRY

(annoyed)

There you go again! Can't you ever
think of anything but your stomach?

TOM

Sure, my wallet. Which is twice as
empty as my stomach.

JERRY

Don't you ever learn? Your selfishness
almost cost us the life of a friend.

TOM

(getting angry)

Selfishness? Since when are you givin'
me lectures, twerp!

Tom raises a fist, hauls back

TOM

How'd you like a new mouse hole ---
right in your head?

SPIKE

Hey! You can't do that!

TOM

Says who?

SPIKE

Says dis!

He holds out the Peace Treaty. Tom grabs it from him.

TOM

Sure I can do that. I can also
do this ----

TOM (cont'd)
(he rips the Treaty
in half)
-- and this ---
(rips it in quarters)
-- and this!
(rolls it into a ball
and eats it)
Now, as I was sayin'

He hauls off to sock Jerry. Jerry steps down hard on his foot.

TOM
Yeow!

A "goose-egg" rises from the foot.

TOM
I'll get you for that, you rotten
little rodent!

Jerry starts to run for his life: Tom is in hot pursuit.
Spike takes off after Tom.

SPIKE
Don't you touch him! Don't you lay
a paw on my pal!

CAMERA HOLDS IN PLACE as the three of them run down the street,
their figures growing smaller and smaller in the distance. All
is well, life is back to normal, and the endless chase goes on.

IRIS OUT on the three receding figures. It is:

THE END